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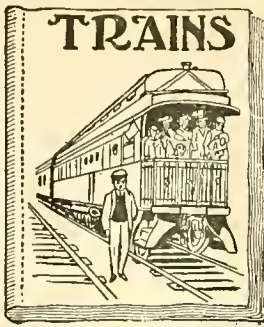
CHRISTMAS CHEER

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1911



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CONTENTS

Portrait of Patriarch John Smith..Frontispiece

MISCELLANEOUS.

Joseph's Birthday (A Poem).....	685
Patriarch John Smith.....Edwin F. Parry	687
The First Christmas Night (A Poem)....	
.....Margaret A. Richard	690
Piney Ridge Cottage (Illustrated)	
.....Nephi Anderson	691
A Memory System (A Poem).....	
.....Priscilla Leonard	698
A Belated Christmas..Bertha A. Kleinman	699
Christmas Without Children (A Poem).....	
.....Isabelle H. Fritz	705
Is there a Santa Claus?.....Jacob A. Riis	739
Leslie's Spools (Illustrated).....	
.....Kate Upson Clark	740

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

Christmas Greetings.General Superintendency 706

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department—To the Family and Kindred of President John Henry Smith—Sacrament Gem and Concert Recitations for January, 1912 —Talks by General Board Members at Sunday School Conference, October 8,

1911—Advancement in Classes—Designation of Classes in Departments...	707
Secretaries and Treasurers' Department—Reorganizations of Superintendencies—Promptness	717
Choristers and Organists' Department—Sing a Song of Christmas, words by Edith Virginia Bradt, Music by H. A. Tuckett	719
Parents' Department—The Coming Year —A Home as a Social Center.....	719
Theological Department—Class Work for the New Year	723
Second Intermediate Department—Class Work for the New Year.....	724
First Intermediate Department—Class Work for the New Year—Second Year Work—Fourth Year Work.....	727
Primary Department—The Use of Pictures Kindergarten Department—Outlines for January	731
	734

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

The Twin Dolls.....	743
The Christmas Candles.....	743
The Puzzle Page.....	744
Marjorie's Christmas	745
The Runaway Doll	746
In Jocular Mood.....	748

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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

*Designed Expressly for the Education
and Elevation of the Young*

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDITOR,
GEORGE D. PYPER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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1911

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BY JOSEPH F. SMITH
FOR THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

JOSEPH'S BIRTHDAY.

We reverence, love and honor
The day of Joseph's birth—
Our Prophet without equal
Since Jesus graced the earth.
When but a lad of tender years,
The Father and the Son
Appeared in light to calm his fears
Wrought by the evil one.

No golden link within the span
Of the cycle gone for aye
So fraught with hope to fallen man
As this most glorious day,
Which shadowed forth the coming
Of angels through the air
With meed of Life Eternal,
That gift beyond compare.

Shout praise to God in strains of joy
For this dear martyred friend—
This pure and peaceful farmer boy,
So faithful to the end;
Who bore in love and meekness
Through persecution's flood
This great and glorious message,
And sealed it with his blood.

—Alcyone.



PATRIARCH JOHN SMITH.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Vol. XLVI.

DECEMBER, 1911.

No. 12.

Patriarch John Smith.

By Edwin F. Parry.

It is now more than sixty-seven years since the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, and there are only a very few men now living who were acquainted with them in their lifetime, and these veterans are becoming fewer in number each year.

On November 6, 1911, John Smith, who for fifty-six years has held the office of Presiding Patriarch to the Church, died at his home in Salt Lake City. He was the son of Patriarch Hyrum Smith and Jerusha Barden, and was born in Kirtland, Ohio, September 22, 1832—two years after the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. Being born of parents in the Church, and having been with it all his life, his history and that of the Church run side by side. What the Church experienced as a body he experienced as an individual. For seventy-nine years he shared its fortunes, endured its trials and witnessed its success and prosperity. What is more to his credit, and will be so eternally, is the satisfaction that he remained true to the faith during that period, and has done his share towards establishing and maintaining the Church and in helping and encouraging the people who compose it.

Very few if any other men in the Church have been with it so many years and undergone such distressing hardships as has our venerable Patriarch. The early part of his life was especially beset with perils and trials,

as the thrilling history of that time in the Church bears witness.

At the tender age of five years he was deprived by death of a mother; and in all the mobbings and drivings of the Saints of that period he as a boy shared. Then, in his twelfth year the tragedy of Carthage jail tore from him his noble father and his uncle, the Prophet Joseph. Such sad and severe experiences were enough to dishearten the bravest; but he and his brother and sisters survived those painful ordeals.

After the death of his mother, his father married Miss Mary Fielding, who became the mother of President Joseph F. Smith. She was a capable and determined woman and a kind loving mother to her own children as well as to those of her husband's first wife, so John was not left without attention and guardianship.

In narrating the events of his career from the time of the Saints' exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, I shall quote from the words of his biographer.

In February, 1847, John left his father's folks and started west with Heber C. Kimball's family. * * * This company crossed the Mississippi river on a ferryboat. They journeyed westward to Iowa and crossed the Missouri river. * * * They then went up about six miles to the Little Papillon, and remained a short time. During his stay there he became acquainted with Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who was taken very sick, and John was his nurse for two weeks. In or about August they moved into Winter

Quarters, where the town of Florence now stands.

Early in September he learned that his father's family was on the road, and he went, in company with Almon W. Babbitt, back about one hundred and fifty miles to meet them. They went to Winter Quarters, where they remained two winters. John went to work with hired help, built a log house for the winter, and during the summer of 1847 made fence, tilled the soil and took a man's place in the hay and harvest field, as he was the only male member of the family able to work.

In April, 1848, the family started for Great Salt Lake valley. It was a hard journey, as they did not have teams enough. John had to drive a team composed of wild steers, cows and oxen with two wagons tied together, and before they had traveled more than two miles, a wagon tongue broke and they had to camp for the night. He had to take a man's place, by standing guard at night, and in the day time to be the boy who brought the wood and water, herded the cows and assisted to double teams over bad places and up hills.

On September 22, 1848, his sixteenth birthday, he drove five wagons down the "Big Mountain," east of Salt Lake; it was dark long before he got into camp with the last wagon. On the way, one wheel of his wagon ran into a tree which was about fifteen inches through. He had to lie on his back and chop the tree with a dull ax before he could go any further. The next day he arrived in the Great Salt Lake valley.

In the spring of 1850 John was enrolled in a company of horsemen called the "Battalion of Life Guards," for the purpose of standing guard, or going out at a minute's warning, to protect the settlements from marauding Indians, who were very warlike at that time. For about ten years he was compelled to keep on hand a saddle horse and everything necessary for that purpose. Many times he was called and got up in the night and started off at once; at other times he had to leave in the heat of harvest, and then his wife was obliged to take his place in the field. This he had to do in connection with working in the canyon and attending to the farm to support the family.

September 21, 1852, his stepmother died, leaving him to provide for a family of eight, three of them—one man and two women—being old people, the youngest over sixty-three years old; also one brother and three sisters younger than himself. He was at that time twenty years old, less one day. December,

25, 1853, he married Miss Helena Maria Fisher, who bore him nine children, five sons and four daughters.

February 18, 1855, he was ordained to the office of patriarch under the hands of President Brigham Young.

At the general conference, April, 1862, he was called to take a mission to Scandinavia. On the 17th of May following he started out on horseback, without purse or scrip to cross the plains and then the ocean.

Patriarch Smith remained on this mission until April 13, 1864, when he sailed from Copenhagen, on his return home. While on this mission he studied hard and obtained a good understanding of the Scandinavian languages—Danish, Norwegian and Swedish.

On arriving at Grimsby, England, they found some emigrants for Zion awaiting them, who had traveled by way of Lubeck, and they all, about three hundred in number, continued their journey by rail to Liverpool. There he was appointed president of the ship's company. He embarked in the large sailing ship, *Monarch of the Sea*, bound for New York, having on board nine hundred and seventy-three Saints—Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, English and Americans—the largest company of Latter-day Saints which, up to that time, had left the shores of Europe.

On his arrival at Wyoming, he was appointed to take charge on the plains of a Scandinavian company of thirty wagons. He was there joined by more wagons in charge of Captain Patterson, making in all over sixty, for safety against the Indians, as the latter were very hostile that season, many people having been killed, and horses, mules and cattle stolen, and wagons burned. Many times on the journey ranchers, traders, and also officers at the government posts would use every argument possible to induce them to stop for safety. The answer he would give them was, "We are used to Indian warfare, and we have only provisions to take us home, even if we keep moving; and we would rather run our risk of fighting Indians than starve on the plains."

The company reached Salt Lake October 1, 1864. After a few days the emigrants were distributed in the various settlements, but for several years he was kept as an interpreter for the Scandinavians. Since that time he had been engaged in the duties of his calling as a patriarch, traveling through the settlements and attending to other business.

It is understood that the duty of a

patriarch in the Church is to bless the people. This he has done not only in words of inspiration and encouragement pronounced upon their heads, but in deeds of kindness performed in times of need and distress. That he had a disposition to assist and bless people when only a youth is shown by an incident related in his life story.

In his sixteenth year he crossed the plains with a company of emigrants destined for the Great Salt Lake valley, as stated above. One day, while the party were on the Platte river, the report came that a woman was lost. This was late in the afternoon and the sun was near setting. On hearing the news he at once set out in search of the lost woman. He threw his coat over his arm, took a piece of corn bread in his hand and started along the road on foot, intending to follow and if possible overtake a company which had left for the west about noon that same day. It was not long before he came to the dead body of an animal by the roadside. The carcass was surrounded by wolves, fighting and howling. He hurried by as quickly as possible, not wishing to attract their attention. During his walk of about six miles that night he witnessed nearly a score of such gruesome scenes.

The wolves did not molest him, however, and he believed they were too busy to notice him. He overtook some wagons and spent the remainder of the night with an acquaintance. At daylight next morning he continued his journey. A little after sunrise, having walked another six miles, he found the woman safe with her mother in the company that passed his camp the day before.

John Smith was in every respect a patriarch, in appearance, in disposition and in the possession of the patriarchal gift. He possessed the spirit of his calling, as thousands of the Saints can testify. The blessings he pronounced upon the heads of the Saints were inspired of the Lord, and many promises he made under that inspiration are known to have been fulfilled, thus giving evidence of his prophetic spirit. During the fifty-six years he served as Presiding Patriarch to the Church he gave 20,659 blessings.

Men, like our beloved Patriarch, whose lives are dedicated to the service of the Lord and His people, are entitled to our highest respect and honor—not only those who have passed away but those who are with us and lead us today.

"Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a bed-ridden invalid there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself."—Anon.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT

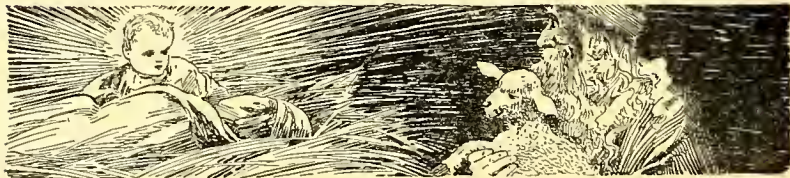
I WONDER if Santa Claus carried some gift,
That first Christmas night long ago,
To dear little Jesus who lay fast asleep
On the straw in the manger low.

I wonder if one of the shepherds who came
To the stable that wonderful night
Was dear Santa Claus, led there by the star
That shown in the heavens so bright.

And, oh, if 't is true that on the hillside
St. Nicholas guarded his sheep,
I wonder if he to the blessed Child bore
A dear little lambkin to keep—

A dear little lambkin with whitest of wool.
That grew as the little Child grew,
And loved him—ah, me, I almost believe
I've wondered a wonder that's true!

Margaret A. Richard.



Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By *Nephi Anderson.*

XVII.

Julia's school days went pleasantly and swiftly, and ere she was aware, the winter was passing. Lessons would be over all too soon for her. She was just beginning to get a glimpse of that fairy land which, for the student, lies in books. She was one of the older members of her classes, with mind more matured. Towards the close of the school year she was encouraged to continue on with her studies so that she might enter the second year at the beginning of the next year.

Her father wrote her every week. His letters were full of encouragement and cheer, for he hid from her the fact that the English climate was not agreeing with him. He who had lived most of his days in the high and dry altitudes of the West could not stand the low wet England. He wrote of his missionary experiences, and then he counseled her, trying to talk through the pen in his old familiar way—and these letters were a great comfort to the sometimes lonely girl.

With the coming of spring's warm sunshine, the green grass and the bursting trees, Julia felt a tugging at her heart to be out and away—away to the stretch of sage-brush, to the big horizon, to the unsullied air, and to all the enticing wildness of Piney Ridge Cottage. Sometimes she climbed up the hill to the north of the school and the city to get a "look out;" but it was not the same. The city at her feet was covered with a black cloud which even hid the distant mountains and the sparkling lake. She wondered how people could be satisfied to breathe such blackness, which poured from the chimneys and spread into the air. She had read of the early Pioneers, and in fancy she saw them emerge from Em-

migration Canyon and make their camps on the sage-brush plain of the valley. What a change had taken place! Would the Flat and Piney Ridge also be thus transformed? She hoped not.

"But it's bound to come," said Chester Lawrence who sometimes met her at the school yard gate and walked with her up to the hills. "It is only a matter of a few years when all that barren country will be settled. Of course, there may not be any large city to fill the air with smoke, but there will be plenty of neighbors."

"Well, I won't object to neighbors if they are the right kind," said Julia. "You expect to go back to Piney Ridge Cottage, I see."

"I do. City life hasn't weaned me yet. I don't think it will. I hope it will not. I want to go to school, oh a long, long time, then I am going to Piney Ridge to *live*."

"But most people leave the country for the city to *live*, as you say. According to the common theory, in order to really live one must have big houses, big crowds, noise of traffic, theaters, parties, society—"

"Tastes differ. Mine, I suppose is strange, as I am an odd girl. What I want right now is a gallop over the hills of Piney Ridge or a scramble up the sides of Old Thunder."

They were resting on a green bank. Julia's hat lay on the grass. Chester Lawrence fanned his face with his new panama.

"Who said you are odd?" he asked.

"O, many have called me that. I suppose living so long all by myself has something to do with it."

"There is an oddness that is very attractive, Julia. In your case I wouldn't call it oddness, however; I would call it individuality."

She looked at him, and he averted



"Julia * * * looked down to the grass."

her clear steady eyes. "I have seen thousands of women, I know hundreds of them, but I have never met one just like you."

"I guess not. You know, of the thousands of leaves on a tree, no two are alike. It's just the same with human beings, I suppose."

"True; but I don't mean that. No one has appealed to me like you have, Julia." * * *

"It's because you never had a sister, and I am a sort of sister to you, you know."

"You are more than a sister, Julia. You know I love you in quite a different way. I have not said so as directly before, but I have tried to tell it to you in many ways which you can understand."

Julia became quiet. Her eyes roamed no more to distant hill or valley, but looked down to the grass which she pulled aimlessly up by the roots.

"I hope you are not angry with me for speaking so plainly. I couldn't help it. I have carried my burden of love alone as long as I can. You must now know of it. Think about it, Julia. Think of me the best you can. But, oh, dear girl, if you only knew what you have done for me, if you only could realize what you are to me, you would not despise me—"

"I don't despise you—don't say that."

"No, of course not—but I want you to love me, too. You do, you can do that, can you not?"

The girl leaned her arm on her bundle of books, and peered into the black cloud below. The sun streamed through a rift near the western mountain. Her face flushed and paled in the light of the sun.

"Julia."

"Yes."

"Tell me. Give me a word of encouragement." * * *

"What shall I say?"

"Say you love me. * * Can't you say that?"

"I don't know."

"What does your heart say, Julia?"

"I don't know. * * * I'm only a simple ignorant girl. I don't know much."

"There is wisdom not found in books, and you have a large store of that. Why, I thought I knew something; once upon a time. I have found out how ignorant I was. True wisdom has come to me through the gospel, and I owe that to you."

"No you don't. The Lord is the Giver."

"True; but you were the instrument."

"I haven't done anything.—It is getting late. Let's go home."

She arose and brushed the grass from her dress.

"May I walk home with you?" asked he.

"Why, of course."

"And you're not angry with me."

"No; certainly not."

"But, Julia, before we go, won't you say a word more to me. May I not continue to love you with the hope of some day making you my wife?"

"Oh, Chester, I—I"—the tears were in her eyes, and he longed to take her in his arms. "I have never thought of such a thing. I'm not going to get married—not for a long time, anyway. I have so much to do. I want to go to school, and then I'm father's housekeeper—and—let's go. Aunt Jane will wonder where I am."

They went down the hill and along the street, Chester carrying her bundle of books. Neither could say much, not even on commonplace matters. He would not go in the house, but parted with her at the gate.

"Good night," he said tenderly, "don't forget that I love you—and that you are to love me—don't forget—goodnight."

It was hard for Julia to get her lessons that evening. She went to bed early, so that she might think of what Chester had said. What did it mean? There was Glen Curtis somewhere to the south who had said the same thing

in a different way. But he had deserted her completely. A card at Christmas had been the only token from him, and she had neglected to send one in return until she was ashamed—it was too late. Chester had been so attentive, so kind and good. Would it not be the greatest unkindness to disappoint him? He was such good company. * * * But did she love him? * * * What is this they call love? Books are written about it, poets sing about it. By all the signs she had ever read of, it ought to bring thrills of purest delight, heart burning with joy, a soul overflowing with contentment and peace. She had never experienced these things. Did she love Chester? Did she love Glen?

"I don't know," she said aloud, "I don't know." The tears wet her pillow, and it was a long time before she went to sleep.

The very next day Chester met her again at the school yard gate, lifted his hat, smiled pleasantly, and took her books. She usually walked home, and they swung along side by side. He was his usual self. He talked to her of incidents in the office where he was employed, how he had taken part in a discussion on "Mormonism" and the result. She was quiet, but he appeared not to notice. Arriving at the house he went in and chatted a few minutes with Aunt Jane. Then he left by bidding them a pleasant good-evening. Not a word was said about the incident of the evening before.

Day by day Chester showed his attentiveness. He was careful. He did not force his attentions. What denial could Julia offer to such whole-hearted devotion. She thought very kindly of the man who was so wholly good and kind.

One day Aunt Jane asked her, "Julia, are you and Brother Lawrence engaged?"

The girl startled at the question. "Why, no, certainly not," she replied.

"Well, it looks like it," said Aunt Jane. "People do not usually keep

such steady company unless they are engaged. I just wanted to know."

"Aunt Jane, is it wrong to be together so much if we're not engaged?"

"No; there's nothing wrong that I can see; only young people ought to be careful not to encourage where they cannot or will not fulfill. Chester is very attentive and if he hasn't already asked you to be his wife he will shortly, I have no doubt. Then you'll have to say something definite."

Julia said nothing then at any rate.

"You're encouraging him to think you will say yes," continued Aunt Jane. "Don't you love him?"

"I don't know, Auntie."

"Well, you had better find out, and that as soon as possible, it seems to me, if you want to avoid trouble."

Aunt Jane's words awoke Julia. Was she doing right? Suppose she never could say yes to Chester, what then? He was patiently serving her day by day, and she was accepting that service. Although he never spoke as plainly as he did that afternoon on the hill side, he let her know by subtle word and deed that he loved her, and took her return kindness as an acceptance of that love. Julia thought of his life's story, of the disadvantages he had been under, of his acceptance of the gospel against much opposition. She could not desert him. His mother, where and what was she? Outside the Church—in the dark. Could she not be helped? Julia's mother had wanted to help her, but she was denied that. Could not Julia herself do something for her mother's sake. How? By helping the son, by loving that son, by becoming his wife, as he so earnestly desired.

Julia wrote her father all about Chester and herself. She tried to tell him freely her own feelings, but she had to acknowledge that the explanation was not very clear. Then she waited for an answer. The spring months passed, and the school closed. Julia wanted to go to Piney Ridge. Chester said he would go with her, but Aunt Jane advised against her go-

ing. If she were to catch up in her classes she would better keep on with her studies at home. After a while the girls would have their summer vacation, and they would go with her to Piney Ridge. So Julia remained, studying a little, fretting some, and thinking much. She was in the lull before the storm.

XVIII.

Man plans and proposes, but the "Mormon" missionary system steps in, frustrates the plans, and scatters the propositions to the four winds. Glen Curtis had just closed his second year of teaching. He had been exceedingly careful of his money all the winter, so he had enough saved that he might go on with his education at the University. The summer he would spend in the open country on the Flat, where he could augment his pocket book and harden his muscles. His trunk was packed and the day set for his departure. He had let the good people know that he was not coming back, and they said they were sorry.

Glen called at the postoffice for the last time for mail. Letters for him were few, and he had long since given up looking for as much as a card from Salt Lake. He thought that he might get a card in reply to the one he had sent at Christmas, but none had ever come. What's the use, he had thought. She doesn't care a snap—she wouldn't even send me a card.

The postmaster threw him a letter with "that's all." Glen glanced at the typewritten address, cut the edge with his knife and opened the single sheet. What! He read it again. Yes; it was a call for Glen Curtis to go on a mission to the Netherlands.

Glen walked out in a dazed way, and sauntered down the street. He had not had the slightest inkling of this. What of his schooling now? What of his cherished plans? All gone! * * * It was a soft evening in early summer. Glen did not

go directly home. He strolled down to the bridge which spanned the creek. The rushing water was music to him. He leaned on the railing. Then he took out his letter and read it again. He had always expected such a letter, and now it had come. Well, he would accept, of course. Refusal never enters the mind of a true Latter-day Saint; but he needed a little time by himself to readjust himself to this crisis which had come into his life.

It was dark when he went back to the town, after a long tramp by the river. He was happy now—such a wonderful joy sang in his heart. He had the money with which to go and with which to support himself. He could finish his schooling afterwards—the Lord would open the way.

He showed his letter to the folks with whom he was staying, chuckling over it as if it were some precious document.

"Are you going?" they asked.

"Of course I'm going—I'm going right up to Salt Lake and report that I am ready. Just a trip home, and I'm off."

The next day Glen took the train for Salt Lake. He called at the President's office, announced his willingness, and explained his circumstances. He could go within a month, within a week, if necessary. A company was to leave in ten days. Would he be ready? Yes.

Should he call on Julia? He would have to consider carefully, and he did so while he was eating his dinner at a restaurant. He had her address. The place was easily found. But what was the use? Julia never cared for him. Should he call she might snub him. The folks with whom she lived were strangers to him. * * *

But he must see her once more. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Perhaps she was yet heart free. Chester Lawrence, he knew, lived in the city, but there might not be anything serious between them. He straightened his tie and went out. He

would walk; street cars set one down too suddenly at the door.

It was late in the afternoon before he got through with some business, and he walked out towards the Borden home. The electric bell made a startling noise in a quiet house. Glen's heart beat fast when he heard someone coming. The door opened showing an elderly woman.

"Is this where Miss Elston lives?" asked Glen.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she at home?"

"No, sir; she went out a few minutes ago."

"Will she be long away?"

"Well, I can't say exactly, sir."

"My name is Curtis. I live up on the Flat, and thought I would just call on Julia before I leave for my mission."

"Yes, indeed. She will be glad to see you. Won't you come in and wait?"

"Could I overtake her do you think, if you should tell me the direction she took?"

"You might. She usually walks toward the park. Do you know where Liberty Park is?"

"No; I do not."

"Well, just turn to the left at the next street and then go straight ahead. You'll find it easily."

"Thank you—good afternoon."

"And if you don't find her, you had better come back here."

"Thank you."

Glen followed directions. There were a number of people on the sidewalks, but none that resembled Julia. He kept on down the street, arriving at the park in good time. As he walked under the tall trees whose interlacing tops waved over his head he thought, What a beautiful place! Carriages were rolling leisurely around the wide drive, while automobiles whizzed past. Then the smoothly clipped lawn stretched away to other trees, and flowers and shrubbery were arranged in artistic pro-

fusion. Glen's surprise grew. He had not known there was such a charming spot in Salt Lake City.

But there were no signs of Julia, though a good many people were strolling about or reclining on the grass. Children were enjoying the swings. At one side of the park Glen found a bunch of wild roses, some of which he plucked. What is more dainty than a wild rose! It reminded him of someone else—yes, and there were thorns, too. Wild roses grew along the half-dry water course which extended down from the mountains out near Piney Ridge. Glen had plucked a good many bouquets from those bushes which bouquets had later adorned the Cottage table, sending their sweet, delicate fragrance through the room. How suggestive is perfume! Memories sad and sweet filled his mind from those roses.

He went out towards the lawns again where the light was still strong, and there he found her. She was sitting on the grass profiled against the light in the sky. Reclining on the grass close by her was Chester Lawrence. He was looking up into her face and talking earnestly to her. Glen leaned, out of sight, against a tree and gazed. He could not hear what they were saying, but he could see the expression on their faces as they looked at each other and smiled. What had he, Glen Curtis, come there for? Why had he trailed her? To see this? Fool that he was—but oh, how his heart dropped like a leaden weight, and his soul tasted of despair!

How beautiful she was! A little thinner, a little paler. The tan of the open wilderness had given place to the soft brown of her natural complexion. Her hat was off. Her brown hair was arranged in the city style. Yes; she was a city girl now, with city ways and city companions. She wouldn't look at a country boy. * * Should he go up to them? He might tell her he was going on a mission and say goodby. Would she care?

The twilight deepened. The red of the western sky gleamed back of the trees. Still those two sat on the grass, talking and laughing. The watcher saw Chester's eyes rest upon her in devouring eagerness. Well, he could at least look too—get her image fixed upon his memory, and then depart. It would be his last look for a long time—perhaps forever. His heart called, "Julia, Julia," but his lips were mute—and she? she was at that instant looking up with big wonder in her eyes, listening to what her companion was saying.

Then they arose, and Glen hid behind the tree. They walked side by side across the grass and out of the park. Glen Curtis, with a bunch of wild roses clunched in his hand, hurried towards town. He carried the flowers for a number of blocks before he threw them away. He walked all the way to the station, not even getting tired, and took the first train for Croft and the Flat and the folks at home.

"Won't you come in?" Julia asked her companion, "it isn't late."

"Yes; for a little while."

They went in. Julia found that the girls were out and Aunt Jane was in bed. So they went into the parlor. She seated herself by the piano and touched the keys lightly. "I do wish I could play," she said. "I must take lessons."

Chester came up to her, and placed his hands lightly on her shoulders. "Julia," he said, "can you tell me anything yet? Have you been thinking as I asked you? I am waiting so patiently."

She swung around on the stool, and he stood before her. "You know I am waiting patiently," he reiterated.

"Yes; but I don't know yet. You'll have to wait longer."

"Won't you say yes, tonight—right now? Oh, Julia—sweetheart—say you love me! I can't stand the uncertainty longer." He would have

come to her, but she slipped around the table. Then they both seated themselves looking at each other across the pile of books.

"I guess I am not fair to you, Chester," she said. "I guess I have encouraged you, not knowing what I have done. I have been selfish, I suppose, for I have enjoyed your company. You have been so good to me."

"Let it continue. Let me still be good to you—let me make you happier yet."

"No, Chester; you mustn't talk like that—not yet; for I can't give you any encouragement—"

"Julia, for God's sake don't say that! Don't cut me off. Let me hope a little longer. I'll give you all the time you want. You'll learn to love me. My love for you will bring it out."

"Chester, I'm not saying that I don't love you," said Julia, deliberately across the table. "I must have time and you must be patient. Perhaps I am doing wrong in going out so much with you. If so, we will quit. If not, let us go on until I know more—until my heart speaks with a sure word. Won't that satisfy you?"

"Yes; it must, but—"

Here the two girls came in with much noise, and the conversation had to change its course. Chester soon said goodnight.

Rose was chattering. "I think he's just horrid," she said. "These returned missionaries are so religiously straight they can't see half an inch around a corner."

"If you think he's horrid," retorted Marcie, "why do you go out with him?"

"Who else can I tag? Julia and her young man are so shy. I couldn't get near them, besides—"

"Girls," shouted Aunt Jane, "make less noise and go to bed." And Julia was glad of the admonition.

The next morning Aunt Jane asked Julia if she had met the evening before a friend from out Piney Ridge way.

"No," said Julia, "Did some one call? Who was it?"

"A young man—Curtis, I think his name was."

"Glen Curtis? I'm sorry I wasn't home. Yes, he's one of our neighbors. Is he in town, do you know?"

"I don't. I told him you had gone for a walk to the park, likely, and he said he would go down there and try to find you. He said he was going on a mission."

"On a mission! Glen going on a mission? When, where?"

"Well, child, I didn't ask him so many questions. He seemed disappointed in not finding you—but if he wants to see you very bad, he'll come around again."

But Aunt Jane did not know Glen Curtis—not even so well as Julia did, and hers was not a profound knowledge. Glen did not come again, and Julia wondered why until it occurred to her that he had seen Chester and her down in the park. That had sent him off without as much as a goodbye. Well, she couldn't help it, she said to herself, though there was a lump in her throat.

That very morning Julia received a letter from her father in answer to the one in which she had asked for direction. It was a good letter. Among the many things he told her was this: "Be careful, dear daughter, how and to whom you give your love. Love is such a precious, divine thing that it

must be preserved and protected from all evil. Pray to God in the deepest fervency of your heart for guidance in this matter. I must not dictate to you. Your heart must do that; but first you must know your heart, and know that it is prompting you to do the right. I can't tell you what you should say to Chester. As far as I know there are no moral or religious objections to him—but this I feel like saying: Wait; It may not be long before I shall be with you again."

His letter reminded her of the many times he had talked thus to her. She was never to make a beginning towards love with an outsider. That was the first rule. Well, Chester was a Church member, so she was safe there. Then she should let the Lord preserve her love until the right one should come. Had he come to her yet? She did not know. All was dark and uncertainty—and wasn't that enough to tell her that the Lord had yet in keeping her treasure? Had she realized her ideal? No; not yet.

Julia followed her father's advice, in that she poured out her heart to the Lord for guidance in this which had come pressing so persistently into her life; and in time, from out the darkness and the uncertainty, there came the light. The next time Chester Lawrence should speak to her about his love she would give him a definite answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Memory System.

Forget each kindness that you do

As soon as you have done it;

Forget the praise that falls to you

The moment you have won it;

Forget the slander that you hear

Before you can repeat it;

Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,

Whenever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done

To you, whate'er its measure;

Remember praise by others won,

And pass it on with pleasure;

Remember every promise made

And keep it to the letter;

Remember those who lend you aid,

And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness

That comes your way in living;

Forget each worry and distress;

Be hopeful and forgiving;

Remember good, remember truth,

Remember heaven's above you,

And you will find, through age and youth,

True joy, and hearts to love you.

—Priscilla Leonard.

A Belated Christmastide.

By Bertha A. Kleinman.

Aunt Juny was a woman of few prejudices, but any deficiency as to number was amply outweighed by the tenacity of sentiment which she yielded to each. And topping the list—indeed submerging all other prejudices into the merest of mild-negatives—was, her aversion to doctors. Yes, reflecting upon her many eccentricities, it is safe to say there was no one who had earned such an effusion of her aculeate appellatives as had the modern practitioner; and, dissecting that aversion into its proper degrees, according to her own unmitigated onslaughts, we must rank him foremost who, unappeased with the highway liberty which his obtrusive M. D. afforded him, must further embellish his malignant designs upon humanity by placarding himself Physician & Surgeon. Physicians and Executors she designated the whole set of them.

Yet nothing so strange about it after all, for Aunt Juny had been a stork-lady in the early days when Uncle Eb shoed horses out on the corner and a yellow sign-board over the smithy door had announced both professions with an equal flourish of black paint.

Some there were of the stork's very own who could remember with what awe and shivery little feelings in their backs they had crept into the very heart of the hedgerow to watch the formidable lady at work in her herb patch, hoping that amid those mysteries of *Materia Medica* she might some day bring her wonderful biped to be regaled.

Sometimes the treacherous snapping of a twig would bring betrayal and once in the tentacles of the octopus there was nothing to do but confess. It was an awful hour with Uncle Eb called to the back stoop to assist in the tribunal, when the sin of such curiosity, enhanced by the malicious impersonation of cats in the hedge, was launched forth in all its atrociousness

and the guilty culprit brought to a proper display of his lachrymal tendencies. Then followed the march to the commissary department and the aftermath of penitance from the cookey-jar.

Those were days when little Eb wore pinafores, himself frequently the instigator of the feline raid.

Dear little Eb! He had come to them late in their married life, a solace to their loneliness, if often a menace to their peace. He was hardly the precocious embodiment that Aunt Juny had anticipated in a child of hers, but with a well defined purpose and a prudent determination she had set about to correct any pre-natal oversights, and it might be added that, with an equal amount of determination—perhaps lacking any definiteness of purpose, the youthful Ebenezer met her in open campus and sometimes was not the vanquished one who retired from the ranks to take council with the quarter-back.

With an irregularity and defiance of all known principles, he cut his teeth after his own symptoms, developed rashes from diseases unchronicled in any of her well studied Medical versions, and at six months ate two nails and a sunflower without any evil effects. At three he walked the house like a drum-major, at six he reconstructed the chicken coops and at twelve he recited Petrarch's Sonnets in a way that brought tears to Uncle Eb's spectacles and caused Aunt Juny to cough many times apologetically when reading the *Monthly Medical*. At fourteen they sent him over to Mapleton where an institution of polytechnic assumption was nearing due proportions. This necessitated a drive of over sixty miles and, with all the display of importance he could muster amid the throes of a high collar and atop-mast a high two wheeler, Uncle Eb brought him home twice a year.

These homecomings were talked of for weeks beforehand and afterwards, albeit the actual realization consisted chiefly in respectful attitudes and listening admiration towards the young dignity who peered through nose-perched glasses and discoursed alike with paretic ease upon subjects of the gridiron, political reform and the chicken industry.

It was upon one of these incursions that the young man's architectural prowess asserted itself and ended in the literal upheaval of the parental roof, he having won out in a prolix monologue upon the hygienic advantages of upstairs bedrooms and the curtailment of his dignity as heretofore confined to the back alcove.

The first day of his summer vacation he spent in a careful survey of the plumbing system, consisting of an outdoor pump and a horse trough. After several discourses upon the subject of hydraulics, amid dubious shakings of the older heads, he repaired to the town plumber, who adjudged the plan feasible and began the transformation of the aforesaid alcove into a modern bath and, Uncle Eb who, for forty years had managed his weekly ablutions amid no mean paucity of tin pans and pails, declared the boy a born genius and that, if the whole establishment had to suffer for his experiments he should never say he had been thwarted.

But one day when he repaired to the herb-patch, ostensibly to further his botanical researches, but in reality to trap a ground-squirrel, and with a veracity unequalled in the whole town, recited off the Latin for every single weed and when, further, by deferential reference to Aunt Juny's corollary, succeeded in such a concoction of balms and emulsions as would have stocked a village pharmacy, it was then and there decided that he should be a doctor. Yes, if Uncle Eb had to work ten years longer at shoeing old nags he would gladly do it to pay for a gilt-framed M. D. to hang in the front

room and his name should be appended to the family banner—or who could tell (the young shoulders broadened at the prospect) the time might come when the dignity of the little domicile should no longer be compatible with the homely industry on the corner and when a gilded doorplate, inscribed with Ebenezer Jr. should announce that Aunt Juny too had retired into respectable ease.

All further demonstrations of his constructive genius were futile to waive this final decision and at twenty, little Eb, outweighing his father by a liberal forty, himself a far more eligible subject for the sledge than the elder Ebenezer had ever been, was ushered into the realm of medicine.

In the early summer when the morrow might have brought news of his homecoming, an ominous yellow missive was brought to the smithy door and with the shock of the whirlwind they read that he was stricken and ill. Dismay, confusion, death—ye are the guests of tomorrow! Bewildered, distracted, Aunt Juny set about for the great journey east, her wallet heavy with such a mixture of winter dried herbs as would have cured up anything from the measles, which he had refused to take as a child, to the worst of adenoids of which he had developed symptoms at fifteen, but before the high two wheeler was well nigh out of Ashton the crushing message followed of the operation and death.

Thus had the bolt fallen out of a June sky and, like the oak smitten in its prime, Uncle Eb drooped his head and grew old. He fell to muttering and to long lapses when the forge went out, and with the bitterness and yearning of the mother, empty-armed, Aunt Juny took up the burden. There was much to do with the recompense gone out of things. Friends said she was reconciled as only Aunt Juny could be and went away glad at the easy task their visit of condolence had been. Tears that stung and healed not, choking protestation at the cruel, stark

emptiness were in her own to hide away in the long watches.

One day when she peeled apples by the blazing forge, the sledge fell heavily and amid a shower of sparks Uncle Eb fell too. He did not die then but he never spoke again and in the darkened parlor they laid him down in the strange rigidity which is death's counterpart. At nightfall the doctors came, donning their white garbs and talking rapidly at the bedside. Tense and aquiver for intelligence as to intent and outcome, Aunt Juny searched their faces and went brokenly away. In the early dawn they brought her back, their soft hands touching hers—she always remembered what gentle hands they had, those artisans of probes and blades, but the old eyes moved no more in quest of her. Uncle Eb had passed out upon the still waters.

She made no voluble protest. They had killed her boy. With the atrocious license yielded to no other profession on earth, they had sacrificed him without leave or asking and now, a like libation to their insatiability, they had hewn down the feeble stay whom her own strength would have mothered and sustained to the end of time. De-fiance, pitiable in its helplessness, battered at the bulwarks of her pride like an inward foe, compressing her lips and furrowing her face as with age.

She went no more among the sick, closing her ears and heart alike to all entreaties and shrinking back into the lonely treadmill of her existence, asking no companionship, seeking no diversion. The long prized stores of her-line fragrance that had hung in tufts against the cellar rafters she heaped together and burned without a tear. The herb patch ran to weeds the following summer, grew dank and sodden beneath the winter's snow and in the spring gave furrowing to the most prosaic of vegetable seeding.

Friends who had often stepped in to rest in the little grape covered pergola felt chilled and distanced when, scarce-

ly pausing in her gardening, she nodded a stiff goodmorning. They chafed a little, talked a great deal and finally were willing to leave her to her ways.

Her brother John had come in those first days of her sorrow to take her out to the not over prosperous farm, but with few words and unalterable decision she had answered him. When the railroad came with its wonderful machinations of growth and expansion and the great mills, yielding market for his wool, loomed their shadow almost over her back garden, he came to spend one day each year with her. On those occasions their conversation was usually a one-sided affair, Uncle John leading out on the well worn topic of conditions at the farm, the ages of the boys and their precocious development, especially that of young Fred who was whipping through College and thinking some of medicine. Aunt Juny's lips shut tight. She helped him to more dewberry pie and asked about the potato crop.

And ready for departure, John would gaze up and down the great thoroughfare with its clatter of cars and carts. "It doesn't seem right that you as is country bred should spend your last days in the midst of these. I'd like that you should sell out at a fair sum and there's no one as would say you hadn't the right to every cent for your own keeping."

Aunt Juny stood grimly erect. "You mustn't worry about me, John. I shall always have enough for my small needs and I shall never leave the old place though Babylon itself be gathered about me."

And John would drive away and Juny would go back to the lonely rocking chair by the stove. She spent whole hours there, especially in the long winters of mire and slush and restiveness which only the heart of the commonwealth can transform from the peaceful ice-fettered season of the village. From the west window there was still a little to be seen of the sunset where her own garden sloped down

to the very street, but only a little patch, for on the street opposite that everlasting smokestack of a factory had thrown out wings to right and left, the while heaving and throbbing like a thing alive in its endless turmoil of creation. Stone structures and sprawling sign-boards were fast shutting out the circling hills. To the north the restful patches of tillage, with their memory of yodling calls, had long been swallowed up in an acreage of tenements. Cars clanged on the street in front, push carts and hucksters' stalls hunched themselves into the very hedge. From her plant-heaped windows she had watched a sleepy village erupt into the architectural maize of a city and the changing order of things had irked and harrassed her—the needless arrogance, the speed, the restless swinging of the wheel that had laid waste all things familiar.

Across the street, Jonah Price, who for years had kept the neat little apothecary in connection with the Ashton Standard, had sold out at a fabulous price and on the very site, ruthlessly stamping out every vestige of orchard and shrubbery, a menacing structure, known as the "Winthrop" had sprung up—menacing because it was here, within stone's throw of her front gate, that a squad of doctors had established quarters; veterans in the savage art who had come from she knew not where as well as every upstart of a medical student from all the villages around. Placards hung from every window; every door flaunted a bold "Walk in." And it wasn't always a mere doctor either that those labels set forth. She had adjusted her glasses and read upon the signs such snares to the unwary as "Chiopractor" and "Osteologist." Her litany of appeal included, too, that bevy of white-capped nurses who smiled about the waiting rooms with nothing to do but bid patients sit down who had no intention of doing anything else. But when at last appeared a black and gilt

sign card, bearing the word "Chiro-podist" and the impersonator of the ugly craft was found to be a woman, a lackadaisical personage of smiling self-reliance who wore her mop of sorrel hair clear down over her eyes in that curious, toppling edifice which defies all laws of nature, her disgust knew no bounds. She drew down the blind to the very sill and sat behind it for a whole hour wondering if she was doing right to remain in the heart of such surroundings.

Thus had the woof of things plied their harvests about her—swift unfoldings of the years from which her hands lay apart idle and unhelping, the while her head grew bowed and silvered beneath the white dust of their passing.

There came a day when the work in the old house dragged heavily, when Aunt Juny sat and shivered by the stove and forgot to replenish the fire; a day when the wind seeped through the very sills with its drear harbinger of winter hard by. Her hands were stiff and cramped, her lips were heavy and the flesh on jaw and temple seemed to cling to the very bone. She watched the clock for whole minutes at a time, wishing for night that she might creep away to bed and sleep off the chill and lassitude that possessed her; and when at last the darkness fell like a swooping wing she crumpled her shawl more closely about her and dare not face the greater cold and loneliness upstairs. She drew down the blinds to shut out the darkness and cowered from the almost palpable night within. She was sick, undeniably, miserably sick and the conviction was clamping itself upon her with a horror that was worse than pain.

Long years she had spent in almost daily contact with the sufferings of others—whole nights and days watching at the Great Divide and tonight she fought out her own battle uncomfortable, unremembered. They seemed

so long ago, those days of service when her life had touched current with the unremitting need of her fellows, when the call of the white plague was ever at her doors and the toil and self-abnegation of response had savored of a sweet content, now almost forgotten. In her narrow groove, into which Bohemia had never entered, with its world of fads and whims passing her by, had not that broader world passed by her also whose multiplicity of joys is self-forgetting and daily self-denial? She had housed herself away from the press of humanity about her, deafening her ears to needs she might have satisfied and that very seclusion had smirched and sullied her until she dare not face the apparition of that night—the spectre of her every attribute grown seared and dwarfed. O, the pitiful lapse of things! The loneliness of those idle years! Could she have recalled them; could she have but wrested one little year from out the wicked score! She buried her face down upon her knees and cried aloud that repentance had come too late, that her hour was at hand.

In the early dawn she raised the blind and let in the shivering dawn. Her lips were parched, her throat cracked and rasped. She had dreamed half the night of the water tumbling at the mills and her feet tottering blindly in quest of it. She must send for someone to help her through that day until the numbness and exasperating weakness should be gone, yes though money be the exchange for a few spoken words in that vast silence she must not be alone. But who would come? In all that maize of faces hurrying past her doors every day not one resolved itself into familiarity. Of all that labyrinth of homes crowded about her own at which should her knock of appeal be sounded? John would have come, John with his strong hand-clasp, and the tender inquiry in his eyes, but she remembered with avid sting how the world had seemed to jolt just one year ago when John had died.

But stay—somewhere in that very maize which troubled her like a problem, a face was taking shape—John's boy Fred, who had come to Ashton to live when John had died, Fred with that little girl-wife who sang like a bird—hadn't they called dutifully enough only the summer before and had she done just right to let them go away again without a bite of lunch? John's boy! yes she must wait and puzzle out what it was of him that stood out from the misery of things like a pleasant memory. He had a way of looking deep down into your eyes that she remembered; he had the same broad shoulders that Ebby's would have been and he too wore spectacles and kept his face clean-shaven like a boy's. It would be nice to see him around and the little songstress, who was his wife—maybe she wouldn't mind straightening up the rooms a little. Perhaps they would stay for a day or two until the weariness wore off and then she would make it right about that lunch. Yes, she would send for them.

And they must have come in the middle of the night, during one of those snatches of sleep that had come so rarely lately. She opened her eyes in her own room on a warm patch of sunlight that fell beneath the blind, from whence seemed to radiate all sorts of refreshing calm and rest; and over at the dresser was another patch of light, a bright fluffy head bent above her dusting, and there were flowers on the dresser—two great golden chrysanthemums—and from the stove came the yellow firelight that turned even the snow of her bed to warmth.

"My! how late I have slept!" She cried apologetically, attempting to sit up and wondering at the thick harsh tones of her own voice.

Then uprose Fred from somewhere, who, putting down his Sunday paper, came quietly to her side.

"O, you did come—I knew you would!" she essayed again to cough away the raspiness in her voice, "but how long you've let me sleep."

"Yes, just about three days," answered Fred bending to listen to her breathing and patting her cheek reassuringly. "That's rather a long time for a lady in your standing to be sleeping away in idleness."

"Three days!" She lay back aghast, overwhelmed.

"O, but the rest of us haven't been idle," he added in that cheery voice of his that was so good to hear. "We've had just about three days of being very wide awake. And that little girl over there—I'll tell you its due a whole lot to her that we have any Aunt Juny left."

The little girl, white-aproned and prim in her new capacity as nurse had joined them. "To think of you alone," she burst out for almost the hundredth time since her installation there, "Alone without a speck of fire. It's a wonder you didn't die. But it's all over now, and there isn't a thing to worry about. The doctor has just gone and he says you're mending wonderfully."

"The doctor!" Aunt Juny gasped out in horror and Louise went on with a series of cheery little nods.

"Yes, Dr. Brent, Fred's pal, and a wonderful doctor he is too. He's the one, you know, who wants to buy your place. He's told us all about his plans for a great apartment right here on the spot and the back yard all cut up into paved courts for up-to-date cottages."

But Aunt Juny lay oblivious to this later intelligence, her face blanched and twitching. Dr. Brent—that horror of horrors from the dread quarters yonder—who had recently launched forth from the pardonable realm of medicine into the savagery of exclusive surgery, who swung like a pendulum between his office and his morgue—the latter generally known as the hospital, the former thronged all day with hosts of victims who sat wide-eyed and palpatant, waiting for his verdict. Wonder of wonders that she hadn't guessed it from the start—the

horrible stab in her from the breast bone clear back into her very spine—she could feel it with every breath she drew, cutting, tearing as if bleeding afresh. With terror-stricken eyes she sought the face above her—Fred's boyish face, and tears of helpless rage and bitter disappointment in him welled over and bathed her wrinkled cheeks.

"And you stood by and let them do it?" great sobs broke off her words into gasps and cries.

"Why, I've stood by and seen them do a whole lot for you," returned Fred, attempting no interpretation to her words. "I've taken a lay-off part of the time to stand by and see that they did it just right, too. You know I'm something of a doctor myself, only I wouldn't have risked such a precious charge to anyone short of the very best. But you must rest, Auntie; you're still a sick lady and we're not going to talk any more till you have slept again. Then you shall have a detailed account of the whole three days proceedings."

Rest! she fairly choked over the word. Rest indeed! with that gaping wound stinging away as if the knife that made it had been left in its depths. She tore at her chest wrappings, at something hard and prison-like beneath. They had tried to cover up their guilty work but she would out with it.

"She'll have that antiphlogistin off," cried Fred, apprehensive of returning fever, and sitting down on the bed he took the restive hands in his.

But never had Aunt Juny's eyes flashed a saner defiance, never had her poor husky voice sounded more sanely deliberate.

"I'm sorry you came," she cried with scathing abruptness. "you're John's boy, but you've outraged every tie between us. When you should have stood by like to protect me you've never raised a hand against the killing of me—for I will die—die, and I am not fit! but that you should have helped to cut me down, you, as I lik-

ened so much to Ebby—" her voice broke piteously, "You were all I had and I was lonely, nigh unto death, but better to have died alone than—than—"

They tried to stay her vehement outburst, caring little for her words. The anxious, pretty face of Louise was close above her own and with sudden impulse she drew the bright head down.

"O, honey, honey! I could have trusted you, and you could have helped me through and I need not have died a victim like the rest."

They understood it all then, dull stupids that they were, and with a little sob catching at her own voice, Louise crumpled her face down into the pillow.

"You *can* trust me, you dear old auntie. I wouldn't deceive you for the world. There's been no opera-

tion—you're not half sick enough for that, but it's pneumonia, real genuine pneumonia, and your poor old lungs must feel like knives and needles and you've had just awful fever and you're all cased up in things—"

There was no disputing the truth in that childish face and Aunt Juny closed her eyes over the weak helpless tears that would well up again just to show how relieved she was. She wanted to apologize, but the right words would not come. She had run the gamut of her emotions and must wait a little while thinking what to say to them. She was so ashamed, but a pleasant listlessness crept over her. It was good to stop worrying just for that one day about the trifling things around her. Even the dull aches all over her and the strange weakness were something she could almost enjoy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHILDREN.

What would Christmas be without the children?

This of late has been my constant thought,
As on tiny hoods and scarfs and mittens
Ceaselessly my willing fingers wrought.

What would Christmas be, again I ask you,
Should you miss that loving, warm embrace,
When a white-robed figure breaks your slumbers,
Shouting "Merry Christmas" in your face?

Think of Christmas tree without a dolly,
Think of stockings all of number ten,
Hanging side by side beneath the chimney,
Think you Santa Claus would visit them?

Think what dearth of innocent enjoyment,
Think what barrenness of joy and mirth,
Think what desolation would be ours,
Were the children banished from the earth.

Let us, then, bring smiles to their dear faces,
Let us see their laps with treasures piled,
Let us think of One who, loving others,
Came to earth and dwelt a little child.

—Isabelle H. Fitz.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER, 1911

Christmas Greetings.

As we near the close of another year, and approach once more the festive season, we are constrained by the evidence of countless blessings, to give thanks unto God.

As we stand in awe and reverence in the shadow of that splendid structure, the Deseret Sunday School Union, we render to Him, the Great Builder, our heartfelt thanks and everlasting praise. We thank Him for the concep-

tion of that magnificent edifice whose foundation stones are laid deep in the gospel of Christ, whose superstructure is adorned and embellished with the priceless gems of virtue, chastity, morality and honor and whose majestic spires are resplendent with the radiance of the Holy Spirit, the sunlight of God.

We thank Him for that great army of patient, painstaking, faithful laborers, who, day by day and year after year unceasingly, uncomplainingly, in charity and love toil so nobly to raise that glorious temple of learning and of godliness higher and higher into the vaults of Heaven.

Most of all we thank Him for the little dwellers in this Holy House, whose lives are sheltered under its benign roof from the storms and winds of evil and adversity, whose wavering feet are guided along the paths that shall lead them from this splendid house to the glorious mansion of their Father.

Our hearts are touched by the loyalty of our fellow workers throughout the Church in the great cause of truth. In this period of peace and good cheer may your souls be touched with the spirit of the Master. May you harvest from the year's labors the fruits of peace, joy and satisfaction.

To all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
DAVID O. MCKAY,
STEPHEN L. RICHARDS,
General Superintendency.

"Could every time-worn heart but see Thee once again,
A happy human child, among the homes of men,
The age of doubt would pass,—the vision of Thy face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race."

—Henry Van Dyke.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

To the Family and Kindred of President John Henry Smith.

In the loss which you have recently sustained the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union tenders to you the heart-felt sympathy of all its members and this expression of its appreciation of the life and work of your noble husband, father and kinsman. In connection with all Israel we deeply mourn his loss, and while we can hope to add but little to the eloquent tributes of love and esteem which have been paid to him, yet we desire to contribute this humble testimonial of our sincere regard.

He was not long a member of our Board, but he was ever a staunch friend and ardent supporter of the Sunday Schools of the Church. A lover of mankind, he was especially tender and solicitous for the young. His enduring devotion to the cause of truth, his splendid citizenship, the great breadth and comprehensiveness of his views, the magnanimity and the charity of his life will endure throughout time to come as an illustrious example of well-developed, perfect manhood. Such men are the effective teachers of the world, because, in their lives are exemplified, as with the Great Teacher, the precepts of truth. So his memory shall ever be held sacred and dear in the hearts of the youth of Zion, and the glory of his life will be reflected in the splendid manhood and womanhood of those who have been fortunate enough to know him and receive his teachings.

May the consolation of the Holy Spirit be yours.

We wish you to know that we have caused this letter to be spread upon the minutes of our Board and have ordered its publication in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the official organ of the Union.

With sentiments of high esteem and deep sympathy we are,

Sincerely your Brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

DAVID O. MCKAY,

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS,

*General Superintendency in behalf of the General
Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union.*

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JANUARY, 1912.

(John 3:16.)

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR JANUARY, 1912.

FIRST SUNDAY, JANUARY 7—BAPTISM COMMANDED BY JESUS.

(Matthew 28:19.)

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

SECOND SUNDAY, JANUARY 14—OBJECT OF BAPTISM.

(Acts 2:38.)

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

THIRD SUNDAY, JANUARY 21—MODE OF BAPTISM.

(Matthew 3:16.)

"And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him."

Talks by General Board Members at Sunday School Conference, Oct. 8, 1911

THE STREET CORNER.

B, Elder Howard R. Driggs.

My Brethren and Sisters, I never think of the street corner habit, or any other loafing habit, but I am put in mind of a story that was told just recently. It seems that a professor was conducting investigations in a certain part of our country when he asked of an old farmer how he spent his winter months. Said the professor, "I know how you spend your summer, because farming is working all day and doing chores all night; but I can't understand how you spend your leisure moments when your crops are all in and you have nothing left to do." The old man thought a moment and said: "Well, I'll tell ye: sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I jist set."

Now it is all right to "set" if you hatch out anything worth while, but from my observation of the street corner habit, it seems to me that the street corner is a place where people "set" and hatch out evil.

The street corner is a nest which breeds everything that is not good. The street corner habit is both pernicious and widespread. It is to be observed, not only in all parts of our country, but the practice is far too prevalent among the Latter-day Saints.

Go into our communities where you will, and you will find our street-corners and other public places crowded with loafers, who are contaminating the very air they breathe with smoke and smut. These practices are a disgrace upon our communities, or any other communities of the world.

It is no part nor principle of the gospel, this habit of idling time away. We have no room in the hive of Deseret for drones; and the sooner that we can change the drones that infest our communities and our streets, to busy bees, the better it will be for the hive of Deseret.

I have held up the street corner, because that is the subject assigned to me, as being a principal loafers' resort: yet I would not have it understood that the street corner is the only place where idlers congregate, or where hoodlumism is bred. I think there are a good many other habits of idling away time now distressing our communities, that are going to cause even more trouble than the street corner habit. The habit of certain young men to sport about the streets in dancing pumps, the habit our young girls are indulging in, promenading the streets at unseemly hours is boding no good. Statisticians tell us that in our larger cities probably three-fourths of our young working girls are being forced

to take their leisure time upon the streets, because they have no better places to go. Our girls have no such excuse.

Another kind of loafing which is contaminating our communities, is well worthy of our attention. I refer now to the habits that are being cultivated by educated hoodlums. I do not believe that hoodlunism is any more acceptable because it comes under the guise of the college spirit, so called. It seems to me that the spirit that causes our young men of the schools to come together and do unlawful things, though they may call it the college spirit, is rather the spirit of the devil cutting up monkeyshines. I am a school man, too, and I have all respect for the spirit of youth which evervesces at times into those things which we call sport; but I cannot endorse college hoodlunism. It seems to me that it ought to be one of the chief duties of our schools to train young people how to be happy without being hoodlums.

All kinds of clean and manly sports should be cultivated among our young people. We believe in true pleasure. It is part of this Gospel. I remember hearing a good old lady who lives among us yet, tell how the Prophet Joseph Smith came into her home, at Kirtland, Ohio, and how he would go out and play ball with the boys. That is the right spirit. Our trouble is, it seems to me, that we have got into the bad habit of growing old. We do not participate with the spirit of true companionship in the sports of our young people as much as we might. Our dance halls are filled with our young people, instead of having a great percentage of older heads who go there with young hearts to guide and keep these young people in the paths of righteousness in their play.

We believe in pleasure—high-minded, clean and recreative pleasure. We believe, however, that that pleasure should have as much of the Spirit of God in it as our worship. We believe in opening our dances with prayer, and in closing them with the benediction of God upon them, and if we will get more of that spirit into our pleasures, we shall get a good deal more pleasure out of them. To have proper pleasure in the season thereof is to enspirit our lives to cheer us on through our hardships. I can think of nothing more beautiful to illustrate this than an incident that my father tells of when he and others were called by President Young to go and help the Independent company that was stranded out near Fort Bridger. Every night those Mormon boys would build great bon-fires among the snow-blocked hills, and bring out the poor frozen emigrants to dance and sing new blood and cheer into them. We need such cheer in our lives. Older people should take more of it.

Our homes too should be made more attractive social centers. Boys and girls often go to the street because they have no better place to go. Where else in our communities can they go? We have too few places dedicated to high-minded pleasure. Another thing: when we realize the fact that one of the most important duties that lie on the shoulders of the Latter-day Saints is to train our young people how to play as well as how to pray, we shall be doing them good service, because the most of the mischief in this world is done in the name of pleasure.

I rejoice that the Mutual Improvement Association is taking up this great work of training our boys and girls in sound and clean habits of play. I understand, too, that the Primary Association is thinking of doing for the little folk, the same thing that the Mutual Improvement Association is doing for the boys and girls, and I say God speed them in that work. Our Sunday School workers should reinforce them. Speaking as one of the committee of the Parents' Class movement, I say that we shall be glad to co-operate with any movement throughout the Church which looks to better and purer recreation among our young people, to putting our better ideals into practice. May God grant that we may realize this end, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

DRESS.

By Elder James E. Talmage.

I am allotted eight minutes in which to speak on a subject that has claimed the attention of the human family since the dawn of mortality. As soon as our first parents had passed from the immortal to the mortal state, they began to think about dress, and the first thing they did, as far as we have any record, was to begin to make clothes, and they don't seem to have been very successful at it, for the Lord deemed it well to show them a better way. The man and the woman tried to sew some fig leaves together, but the Lord stepped in and showed them how to use the skins of animals in making clothes for themselves.

Now the primary purposes of dress are these: To protect the body against the inclemency of the weather, and to hide and cover the nakedness of the person, and I believe that skins of animals are better adapted for each of these purposes than fig leaves, and as long as men and women were willing to be guided directly by the Lord, they dressed in a proper way. But they soon began to develop ideas of their own, both in the matter of clothing and in many other things, and the result is their own ideas have held sway, and they have evolved combinations that are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

I believe that the Latter-day Saints should be well dressed, both with respect to the material of their clothing and as to the manner in which it is shaped. I don't join with those who are perpetually decrying the fashions of modern times. The fundamental principles of modern dress are the best the world has ever known. It is only when these principles are abused and when the good ideas are carried to an absurd extreme that these monstrosities result. Nor do I join in the general thought, the thought that is so oft expressed, that women are the only queer creatures in the matter of dress. I believe that they are entitled to a great deal of the questionable praise that has been bestowed upon them, but I believe also that the other sex is equally absurd in many of its practices. I believe that we should have regard to the fact that the body is the temple of God, and is not to be profaned nor desecrated. And when woman walks the streets plainly declaring by her dress and carriage that her chief purpose is to attract the sensual eyes of men, or arouse sensuality in man, she is not honoring her position as a daughter of God, and many women are doing that, and many men are willing to be thus attracted and to be thus aroused and infused with evil thoughts. Let it be known that dress has a reactionary effect upon the person, upon the individual, upon the mind, upon the spirit. When one is properly clothed, if he be clean within as well as without, he is prepared for noble thoughts and high aspirations. Actors declare that when they are dressed for their parts, they feel the spirit of the characters they are expected to portray; and they don't feel the whole spirit of their part otherwise. A great general once declared that without his uniform he did not feel a soldier. An every day coat and hat made him an average man, and seemed to take all the courage out of him.

There is an appropriateness in dress which every one of us should observe and keep in mind. As soon as the dress attracts attention, instead of the individual, there is something wrong with it. It is either gaudy or in other ways inappropriate, or it is untidy and sloven. A well dressed person does not draw attention to the clothing. When I prefer to look at a woman's dress rather than her face, there is something wrong, either with the face or with the dress, but almost surely with both. It is even like unto the style of a public speaker. As soon as you follow his phrases and his figures and his mannerism instead

of his thought, there is something wrong with him. He is trying to essay the perfect orator and, among other objectionable animals on the face of the earth, I have an antipathy for the orator, because his ideas are either over-dressed or under-dressed, or fixed up in some ridiculous style to attract attention. I believe that if a person were left entirely untrameled, not having to count expenses or labor, and could dress as he or she would, you could tell by the dress just what kind of a spirit that is. Why, this dress of ours that we receive when we came into the world, the clothing of the spirit, tells what kind of a spirit is inhabiting it; if not mutilated by accident or interfered with in any way in its development, the body tells what kind of a spirit is inside of it, even as the clothing will tell what kind of a body is inside of it, and many of our styles of clothing leave nothing to be imagined in that connection. I feel that this is a subject that our parents' class teachers might well take in consideration, and that our Sunday Schools may well take in hand. Let us be dressed in a way that shall give no offense to our fellows or to the guardian angels appointed to guide our steps, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

I have an idea on this woman's-dress business. There are a few women now-a-day who make their dresses just like a tailor makes one leg of a pair of pants, but they put both legs into one leg. I suggest that they make two legs each for their dresses, and wear—what is it?—bloomers, I believe they call it.

THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

By Elder Heber J. Grant, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

I don't know why the committee selected me to talk on the soda fountain habit, unless it is from the fact that I have been preaching prohibition, and they thought, perhaps, I would like to prohibit the soda fountain as well as the saloon. I believe that all habits which do not tend to improve the young people, physically, intellectually and morally, ought to be avoided, and I am assured by physicians that the soda fountain habit is very injurious. An occasional glass of soda water is not particularly injurious, but I am told by those who have spent years of study to point out the proper way to gain health, that many people have ruined their digestion and injured their system more by frequenting the soda fountains many times a day than in partaking of some things that might be more injurious. We read in the papers from time to time about various patent medicines that "cure" people, peruna and other things of this kind, and the great majority of them have all the way from four to seven times as much alcohol in them as ordinary beer. I am assured by physicians that coco-cola and other "harmless" drinks are equally as injurious as coffee. Now there is no danger of getting the habit of drinking coffee made out of bran or made out of wheat or barley. People soon get tired of it. There is nothing in these articles of a stimulating character. They contain simply food products. You all know that we soon weary of any given kind of food and like to take some other. But there is no drug, there is nothing of a stimulating character that will take the place of food. Habits grow upon us, and instead of our having a desire to take less, we have an increased desire for the thing that we take. I would like the young men and

young ladies in our Sunday School to cultivate the habit of laying aside the money that they spend at the soda fountain, and I can assure them, if they have the habit at all bad, that they can save enough money every month to buy two or three fine books, and if they will cultivate the habit of reading instead of wasting their money on that which does not benefit them physically or mentally, they will gain information and knowledge that will be of benefit to them and to their fellows and their posterity after them.

Now the soda fountain is not a very great evil, if you do not frequent it very often, and if you never take those articles that are served there like coco-cola. I am assured that the same identical properties that are in coffee are in coco-cola, and it has the same effect upon the system. I know very many people with whom a single cup of coffee will accelerate the circulation and will make them restless and sleepless at night. That which accelerates and exhilarates the system as a rule is, not beneficial.

SATURDAY NIGHT AMUSEMENT.

By Elder N. T. Porter.

Thou shalt not loiter on the street corner; thou shalt dress in a fit and comely manner; thou shalt not drink at the soda fountain; thou shalt not remain out late Saturday nights.

These, my brethren and sisters, I take it, constitute the code of what might be termed the additional commandments.

I thought when this topic was given me that I would be expected to set out some well defined plan upon which the Saturday night amusement could be modified, or reformed; but the more I think of it, the more I am forced to the conclusion that the Saturday night amusement, however well conducted and however safe and sane, the practice that it involves, is out of place on a Saturday evening. In other words, this matter of Saturday night amusement is not so much a question of modification as it is a question of elimination. I think you will agree with me, that the one apology that, in confidence, we are ready to make to ourselves for the Saturday night amusement is, that on Sunday morning we do not need the same energy, the same freshness of spirit, the same vigor of mind and body that is required upon the beginning of each day throughout the week. In other words, in its last analysis, it is simply this, that when it comes to a special service in the name of God we can precede that service with the dissipation of the energies; we can discount the strength of the mind and body; we can take from the regular hours of sleep and rest; we can befuddle our mind and put it into a state of being which is characterized by the mental dispeptic; and in that state, and in that mood we can lift our head to heaven, or bow our head in prayer in the place of worship and feel that we are in a fit condition to serve our God. In other words, we are not as jealous of the special service of the Sabbath day as we are of the service given to ourselves and our masters among our fellows during the week. I believe the time has come among the Latter-day Saints when we can bring back to us or into our homes something of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." I believe that if Sunday is a sacred day that the Saturday night is, in a sense, a sacred night. I believe rather than discount our energies and our powers and the depth and strength of our feelings that they should be reinforced, or else we must admit

that to serve God, to move in the realm of the Higher Ideals of our life it takes less of soul capacity than it does to perform the menial tasks which come to us during the week, and I think in this there will be no disagreement in the matter when we face the matter fairly and squarely. Therefore I say again I believe that it will come to this, Saturday night amusement will have to go. The evening of the last day of the week will come to be a time of accounting when the balance of the week is struck and when the call of the family roll will be followed by the well sustained rule that no one be absent from the fireside; that the strength of that family group will be garnered rather than dissipated upon the evening preceding the Sabbath; that the regular number of hours of sleep will be secured to each of us, the prior-Sabbath evening will be the beginning of the worship of the Sabbath, and upon the morning of the Sabbath we will arise more fresh and vigorous in mind and body than upon any other day in the week, and we will give to our God and to our fellowmen, upon the highest plane that we can reach or ascend to in this life, our virgin strength and the utmost of our powers of mind and body, for I believe that you, and each of us believe, when we face this question fairly and squarely, that to serve God requires the maximum rather than the minimum of strength. That the state of fatigue, of convalescence or recuperation that some of us are willing to make for the Sabbath day is no time or condition wherein we can well serve our God in this special capacity of the worship of the Sabbath day. Therefore we appeal to our parents and to the parents' movement, to our fathers and to our mothers to make the Saturday night a night when the energies, not only of the individual, but the household are garnered and conserved, and the house is put in order, and when we go to prayer and go to rest in preparation for that mighty struggle of mind and soul which comes on the morrow, on the beginning of the week, when our service shall be given up in a special manner to our Father and our God. May He help us to do this in prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen

SUMMARY: VIEW POINT OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

By President John Henry Smith.

My Brethren and Sisters: To summarize the propositions presented by the various speakers one needs to recognize this fact: that the Latter-day Saints as a people purpose to secure all the good and follow the highest ideals that our Heavenly Father has been enabled to present to His children. He has given them the truth in the line of the gospel of the Redeemer, and in the development and the equipment of His children, that they may be enabled to secure His approval when their mission in this world is done. The gospel purposes to so educate and train its membership that its sons and daughters shall not be idle. It is anticipated that every boy and every girl shall be trained to care industriously for the interests of the home in which they are reared, to avoid the companionship of the idle and the thoughtless, and to live in harmony with that kindly love and consideration that in the home everything that is good shall appear, and everything that is evil shall be restrained. The thought suggested by the various speakers has been designed to perpetuate this idea and increase in the line of the Sabbath School workers of our land, the feeling and sentiment that their ambition is the uplift of their kind.

Our ideas with regard to the proposition of dress are, that we should dress tidily and properly, both as men and women. There is much of vanity, both in men and women in regard to this question of dress, and the great variety of dress that can be used by us mortals may properly be utilized if it shall be

in harmony with the principles of modesty and of temperate thought and action. That the craze being pursued in a large degree will control in connection with these matters, and especially in our Utah, has struck me as very strange. Within the past four months, it has been my privilege to travel about twelve thousand miles in the various states of the American union, to be in many large cities, and I have discovered in one day upon the streets of Salt Lake City, in the line of dress, more evidences of immodesty in dress than I saw in my wandering in the cities of New York, Boston and in Washington, and in Chicago, and in Philadelphia and in Louisville, Kentucky, and in St. Louis and in the various cities that it was my privilege to visit, going as far west as St. Paul, Minnesota. I believe probably that the craze which has passed over our city had passed off that part of the world; and, in a large degree the women had come to the proposition to wear modest apparel that properly covered their persons and made them attractive to us more, probably, than the extremes that had led them to do things for which in a little season many of them would blush for themselves. The theory and doctrine of the Latter-day Saints is that men should be properly and carefully dressed, according to their personal appearance, not being unkempt and careless but thoughtful in every degree looking to the proper guardianship of their self-respect and comfort as they mingle with their fellows. A similar proposition should place womankind in that exalted position that her body should be guarded sacredly and carefully, and that in the adornment of her members she should make herself as beautiful as it is possible for her to be within the lines of modesty and propriety, and that should entitle her to the respect and esteem of all who meet her.

Following the thoughts suggested in this summary, looking into the custom or habit of attending soda fountains, wisdom and prudence should guide in these matters. We do not want to assume to be so rigid in connection with all these matters, with the display of our taste in the utilization of some of these things, that we would look upon those who use them as we would upon men and women becoming morphine fiends or coco-cola fiends, or as coffee or tea fiends. The thoughtful course of the Latter-day Saints is to use them, if they chance to desire, say, a simple taste of coco-cola, that it shall not become a habit, and that they shall not follow it to any great extent; and such is the case with the other drinks that are served at soda fountains. Care and thoughtfulness and prudence should govern in these things.

Taking into consideration the propositions of Saturday night amusements: Saturday night is legitimately and properly the night, in every home, where ample preparation and care should be bestowed that the morrow, the Sabbath, should be guarded with sacredness. The cleansing of our persons, the placing of the home in proper condition, the preparation of our food that we may be enabled without effort to secure the necessities for ourselves upon the Sabbath day, should be the characteristic and thought of each home. The line of amusements should be guarded wisely and prudently, and everything that can be done should be done that our health may be preserved. "All work and no play," it is said, "makes Jack a dull boy." But when we practice the extremes that have characterized us, and are characterizing the American people in the past few years, in the line of amusements, we are bringing down upon ourselves a sure and certain condemnation. The boys can legitimately and properly play ball, and their fathers may legitimately and properly play ball with them. The girls can properly have amusement in the home, in the companionship of father and mother, and those occasional visits to the theatre, occasional visits to the dance, and the enjoyment of ourselves along these lines. Providence has been very generous with us as a people in our day. In the day of our distress He per-

mitted us to dance. The old and the young mingled together in joy and in recreation under those conditions; but as time has grown, the extremes to which we run cause us to flee, almost, in the face of the Almighty, and begin to regard with more seriousness the more light and fanciful things, and to view as more sacred the great duties of life which will become incumbent upon all, as we develop into manhood and womanhood. The boys should have their legitimate amusement, and under the guardianship of their parents should be taught in everything that means their uplift and betterment, that in dress and in action and in play, in the mingling in the home, the evidences of these ideals that bring us to a companionship with the more perfected and best in the world may be manifest in both the sons and the daughters of this Latter-day Zion.

There is growing with us a class of amusements along the line of what is known as "ten cent" shows, and there are things in connection with some of these shows that are laying the foundation for the destruction of many of our young people. They are there day after day, constantly, week after week, and the exhibitions at these shows are of a character that forebodes no good. I was reading the other day, in a communication President Smith received from one of the brethren, of the censures that had been heaped upon the ten cent shows by a Catholic priest who had witnessed the representation of the administering of the sacrament of the Lord's supper by a priest to a dying man; and that priest declared that the Catholic people should not, under any circumstances be in the presence of an exhibition of this sort, of something the most sacred upon which a Catholic could look.

The boys and girls of the church schools of the Latter-day Saints will appreciate the thoughts and lessons suggested by this program. They will note and appreciate, as we all do, the sweet spirit of music in the songs so beautifully given by our brethren and sisters here tonight and in the spirit of prayer breathed forth from the lips of an elder of the Church.

Following the spirit suggested by the speakers, we are admonished: Thou shalt not loaf; thou shalt not be an immodest, indelicate dresser; thou shalt not be, in the least sense, given to the intoxication of the soda fountain, but may make a legitimate and proper utilization of that which is sold there, under legitimate and proper circumstances, and following the suggestions that have been made. Saturday night amusements should be restricted, and Saturday night should be remembered, as the home is one of the most sacred spots to the human being. Nothing should strike dearer than this citadel where, with father and mother, brothers and sisters, there should ever be an inspiration to do right, and a hope that should inspire us in the fulfillment of our mission in the world. And so, on Saturday night we are told, we should cleanse ourselves that we may be clean and pure in our bodies and in our spirits, that upon the Sabbath we may indeed have a day of rest, devoted to the worship of the Almighty and the proper, peaceful conduct of our lives as upon a holy day, that we may follow in the path of right. May we remember the creed of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, so to do that every one of us minds his own business. May the Lord enable us to avoid evil and going to extremes in the matters that have been suggested, and stand for the noblest and best that can be found in the universe, is the prayer and hope of your brother as affecting the children, the sons and daughters of the Latter-day Saints.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT DAVID O. McKAY.

There is one other habit that should have been touched upon, but as those to whom it would apply have left the building, it will not be given tonight.

That is the habit of leaving our houses of worship during the rendition of service. We will not think of leaving a companion in the midst of a conversation without excusing ourselves. Important, indeed, should be that condition that would lead us to leave the presence of God, whom we meet to worship in common with those who have met with us as we are assembled here tonight. It is gratifying, though, tonight, to notice that since the remarks of President John Henry Smith about a year ago, the moving about in this large assembly has materially decreased; and we wish to commend the Sunday School workers for their determination to overcome the habit of leaving a meeting during the hour of service. I believe we can still improve upon this; and if President Smith's suggestion this afternoon to close the gates at 7:30 has been complied with, those who have gone out of the building have been unable to leave the grounds.

We desire to express our appreciation of the excellent music furnished us tonight by the Waterloo choir. The high standard of excellence to which they have attained should be a source of inspiration and encouragement to other ward choirs. And we thank Brother McFarland, Sister Allen, Brother Vorkink and all the members of the choir for their presence here tonight and the excellent service you have rendered to the Sunday School cause. That appreciation extends to the brethren, and to all who have contributed to the success of this excellent meeting.

Advancement in Classes.

At the beginning of the year 1912 there will be no promotions from one department of the Sunday School to another department. This is the year for the advancement of classes as distinguished from promotions. During the last year all classes should have been studying the work of the first and third year in each department. During the next year, all classes should follow the work of the second and fourth year in each department, so that students will not be promoted from one department to another, but will merely be advanced from one year's work in a department to the next higher year. We recommend that superintendents give this matter early attention so that all classes will be ready to proceed with the year's work on the first Sunday in January, next.

For the convenience of superintendents and teachers, we print below the designation of classes in all departments and the ages of students therein.

Designation of Classes in Departments.

Classes in the Sunday Schools shall be designated by the year of the outlined lessons in each department, namely:

First Year Kindergarten	{	Ages 4, 5 and 6
Second Year Kindergarten		
First Year Primary	{	Ages 7 and 8
Second Year Primary		
First Year 1st Intermediate	{	Ages 9, 10, 11 and 12
Second Year 1st Intermediate		
Third Year 1st Intermediate		
Fourth Year 1st Intermediate		
First Year 2nd Intermediate	{	Ages 13, 14, 15 and 16
Second Year 2nd Intermediate		
Third Year 2nd Intermediate		
Fourth Year 2nd Intermediate		
First Year Theological	{	Ages 17, 18, 19 and 20
Second Year Theological		
Third Year Theological		
Fourth Year Theological		

Where there are a number of divisions in any class of any department, the designation should be section 1, 2, etc.

The Juvenile Instructor

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

1866—Prospectus for Volume 47—1912



HIS NUMBER is the last of one of the most successful years THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has ever known. Our subscriptions have increased fifty per cent, and our subscribers have been given a magazine that has satisfied them and made us feel proud. The JANUARY NUMBER will be the commencement of the forty-seventh year. Our magazine has already lived forty-six successful years, and with its stories of faith, love, patience and courage, its editorials on vital subjects, has wielded an influence for good. It has helped to prepare the men and women of today to face their responsibilities. May it help our boys and girls of today to become the strong, able-minded, useful men and women of the future.

Aims

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1912 will be issued monthly and its special aims will be the Progress of the Sunday School, the Interests of the Child, and the Enlightenment of the Home. Some of its special features will be the following:

Sunday School Work

Of paramount importance will be the Sunday School work. Each department will be edited by the respective committees of the Deseret

Sunday School Union Board having this work in charge. The outlined lessons will be supplemented, and teaching methods will be explained. The committee members aim to make the department work even more complete and more helpful than it has been during the past year. The following will contribute to the Sunday School departments: Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Hugh J. Cannon, Andrew Kimball, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, William D. Owen, Seymour B. Young, George D. Pyper, Henry Peterson, Anthon H. Lund, George M. Cannon, James E. Talmage, Horace Cummings, Josiah Burrows, William A. Morton, Horace S. Ensign, Henry H. Rolapp, Harold G. Reynolds, Charles B. Felt, George H. Wallace, Howard R. Driggs, Robert Lindsay McGhie, Sylvester D. Bradford, Nathan T. Porter, and Milton Bennion.

Additional Contributors

Other contributors will be the following: Elizabeth J. Cannon, Josephine Spencer, Annie Malin, Nephi Anderson, Ida S. Peay, Grace Ingles Frost, Susa Young Gates, Jennie Roberts Mabey, Ellen Lee Sanders, Bertha Irvine, Bertha A. Kleinman.

Editorials

Each issue will contain an editorial on some live topic by our General Superintendent, President Joseph F. Smith.

Animals

The interesting illustrated articles on Animals of the Inter-Mountain Region, by Claude T. Barnes, will be continued.

Stories

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR readers for 1912 are promised more good stories as interesting as those already printed.

Poems

Poems by home poets will illumine our pages as in the past. More attention will be given to poems for children.

History

The new series of historical sketches depicting early life in Utah, by John Henry Evans, will be continued.

Fathers and Mothers

During the past year we have had a section called "For Fathers and Mothers," which has brought forth many favorable comments. This will be continued in Vol. 47, and we hope to make it even more helpful.

For Girls

Seed Thoughts for Girls. Brief, pungent articles on Home Life, helpfulness to mother, proper care of the person, social duties, together with short, entertaining stories, will mark this department and make THE JUVENILE interesting to girls.

For Boys

Seed Thoughts for Boys. The magazine is all intended to be useful to boys, but the pages used under this heading will be written to encourage boys in their efforts to build up strong characters. It will contain short stories illustrating how great men succeeded, and will set forth in an interesting way the principles which work for success. Every boy should read this section.

The Children

Our enlarged children's section will include Little Stories, the Budget Box, Games, The Run-a-Way Dolls Stories, Puzzle Page, and In Jocular Mood.

Illustrations

We will continue to profusely illustrate THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR with the best and most appropriate pictures we can obtain.

Our Art Covers

During the last two years our covers have indeed been works of art, alone worth the price of subscription. The pictures selected for 1912 are as good, and some of them even more beautiful than the ones already used. They are all reproductions of oil paintings, some of which cost more than \$500.00 each.

From the Baby Up

In short, THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will aim, 1st—To give to the Sunday School officers and teachers the assistance they need; 2nd—To print a magazine interesting to the entire family, from the baby up to the grand-parents.

Price of Subscription and Terms

The price of THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will continue to be \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. This rule we have found to be the best for us as well as for our patrons. We keep no accounts, and the subscriber is in no danger of being confronted with a heavy bill for subscriptions at a time when least convenient to pay it. Then again, the low price of the magazine makes this rule an absolute necessity.

Special Note

Most of our subscriptions end with the December number. Many hundreds of our subscribers were disappointed this year. They sent their subscriptions in late, after all of our January copies had been sold. We can afford to print only the number of magazines for which we have paid up subscriptions, and do not furnish back numbers, so we urge our friends to send in their subscriptions at once in order to insure their receiving the January number.

Following is an order blank which can be properly filled and forwarded with \$1.00 to this address:

To THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,
44 East South Temple Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Brethren:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 }

Money Order
Currency
Check

 } for subscription to the Juvenile In-
structor, beginning January 1, 1912.

Name_

Post Office Address

Street or R. F. D._

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

During October the Sunday School Superintendency of Liberty Stake was reorganized. Superintendent John C. Howard and his assistants were released, and Elder Fred J. Pack was appointed superintendent with Elders A. C. Reese and D. Ray Shurtliff as his assistants.

On Sunday, October 29, 1911 a new Sunday School was organized at Clear Creek in the Carbon Stake. The new organization will be known as the Clear Creek Sunday School. Elder L. H. Tidwell is the superintendent, and Elders Fred W. Roberts and William Burton are the assistants.

May success attend the labors of our brethren in their new school.

It is urged that all Stake Superintendents and secretaries report to this office promptly any reorganization of schools in their stakes. Such reports are necessary for us to keep our records accurate. Address the General Secretary.

PROMPTNESS.

We very often hear or read of the good deeds of great men and the great things they have accomplished. No great man ever became great and no great thing was ever done without *promptness*.

This year, as well as last year, the General Board asked that the Nickel Fund be collected during the month of October and the work so arranged that the final collections be made not later than the last Sunday in October,

and that remittance to the stake and thence to the General Secretary be made promptly as possible.

One stake has done even better than requested by the Board. On October 28th, there was received in the office of the General Board a remittance from the Bingham Stake of Zion, together with the report that every school in the stake had collected over one hundred per cent of their Nickel Fund and had turned it over to the Stake Secretary who, in turn, remitted to this office, the eighty per cent of the amount collected, making a record for promptness seldom equaled.

We congratulate our brethren and sisters in the Bingham Stake for the fine showing made in collecting their one hundred per cent, and more especially for their promptness.

Delays seldom accomplish any good and often result in harm; therefore, we would urge those who have not already sent in their Nickel Fund, to do so at the earliest possible moment.

The second stake to report their Nickel Fund is the Juarez Stake in Mexico, their report reaching this office in November 2.

Considering the time it takes to get mail from Mexico and the trouble the brethren and sisters there have in communicating with the different wards, the showing is exceptionally fine. We congratulate them.

Salt Lake Stake is the third to be heard from, their report reaching us on November 4.

"Blessed is he who has found his work. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge."—Thomas Carlyle.

Choristers and Organists' Department.

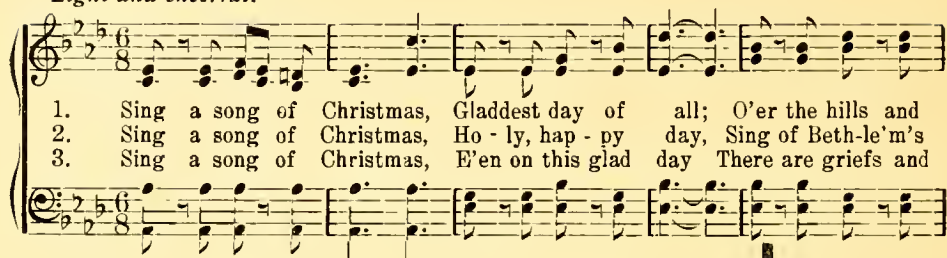
Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

Sing a Song of Christmas.

WORDS BY EDITH VIRGINIA BRADT.

MUSIC BY H. A. TUCKETT.

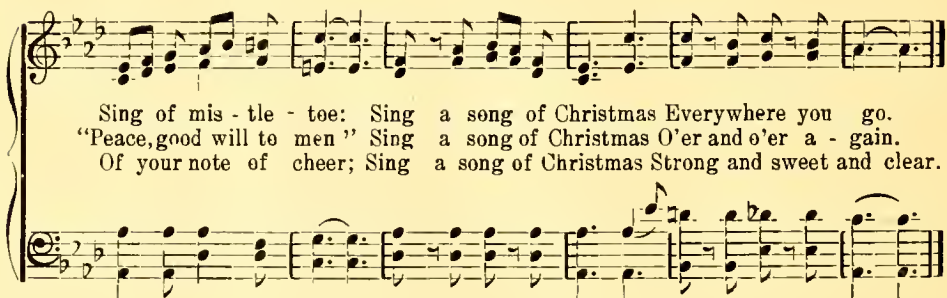
Light and cheerful.



1. Sing a song of Christmas, Gladdest day of all; O'er the hills and
2. Sing a song of Christmas, Ho - ly, hap - py day, Sing of Beth-le'm's
3. Sing a song of Christmas, E'en on this glad day There are griefs and



val - leys See the splendor fall. Sing of gleaming hol - ly;
man-ger, Where the Christ-Child lay; Sing of love un - bound - ed—
heartaches All a - long the way— Hearts that wait the up - lift



Sing of mis - tle - toe: Sing a song of Christmas Everywhere you go.
"Peace, good will to men" Sing a song of Christmas O'er and o'er a - gain.
Of your note of cheer; Sing a song of Christmas Strong and sweet and clear.

CHORUS.



f Christmas, Christmas, *dim.* Happy, joyful day, *f* Christmas, Christmas,

cres. *ff* *dim.*
Sing a hap-py lay, Yes sing of Christmas, Christmas, Je - sus Christ our
King, Christmas, Christmas, Ev - er of Him sing.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

The Coming Year.

At a recent convention of the supervisors of the central stakes of the Church, it was unanimously decided that we continue a discussion of the business of home making along similar lines to those now being presented in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. There is a good deal of rich material left for the Parents' Class.

It was the report of the workers present at this convention that the Parents' Class work is growing; that a live interest is being taken in the subjects offered. We are very happy to receive such a report from our workers and we send them our cheer for the coming year's work. Let us hope that 1912 will prove the most successful year yet in Parents' Class work. Anything we can do to further the efforts of the noble band of brethren and sisters who are leading in this work in the various wards, will be most cheerfully done. We realize how important the work of the ward and stake supervisors is and we desire to do everything we can to help them and bring to their labors the success it deserves. A Happy New Year to all.

A Home as a Social Center.

"A place where people eat, sleep and find fault with one other and everybody else"—this was the rather scathing definition given to the word

"home" recently by a certain critic. We don't like it. It nettles our feelings. It seems a sacrilege to strike so savagely at the spot we have been singing as the "dearest on earth." We know the definition is not true: it does not reflect the home fairly; it is a cynical, cutting remark; and yet what truth is there in it? That is the vital thing to parents. Our homes are far from what they should be. Some of them, we fear, do bear too strong a resemblance to lodging and boarding houses; it is certain, too, that altogether too much contention creeps into them to destroy the spirit of peace and happiness and love that should be found there.

If the home has one great central purpose—and we feel it has—that purpose is to be a center for our affections—a place of refuge and rest—a spot where the family can meet in social and sacred communion. To these higher ends must the home be dedicated else it has little excuse for being. People might band together and board and lodge much more cheaply in other ways than by keeping up a home; and

as for strife, it is out of place anywhere. There must, therefore, be some better reason why we establish and maintain our homes. The reason is that we need a place sacred to the family—a social center for the family and their friends.

Modern ways of living are responsible in largest measure, we feel, for the fact that the home is becoming less and less the social center it should be. The stress and strain of the times, is gradually shutting the doors of our homes to our friends, and driving us to public places for pleasure.

In the days just past—we remember them with joy—there was more of an "open door" policy in the home. The latch string was always out. Neighbors made free to run in and chat a spell, wherever fancy struck them. Around the old fire place, warm and cheery, old and young would gather to while the hours away with song and story and games. There was a jolly informality about it all—with nuts or apples or a piece of pie, a doughnut, or other simple refreshment, if it was to be had—to add a relish. Those were "good old days"—so the old folks tell us. And we are inclined to believe them, with due allowance for the enchantment that distance lends to the scene. Certain it seems—our boyhood memories bear this out—that the spirit of the home of yesterday was more satisfying than it is today—whatever the advantages we may boast now in the way of material comforts.

Aren't we losing the most valuable thing home-life has to give us in our steep chase for wealth and pleasure? Isn't it about time we stop to consider seriously what can be done to make our homes yield far richer returns than they are now doing in the way of this higher social life? We all want to make of them far more than places of drudgery and contention. Further than that: we must do it, if we are to cultivate in our children such a love of home as will cause them to cling with

fond memories to it forever. It is unnatural if not impossible to love a home that is devoted to a mere bread and butter existence.

The social side of home life more than any other brings to any home the love of its inmates. Nothing will do more to bind a family together than home pleasures. Nothing, on the other hand, will drive a child away from home more quickly than lack of social pastimes in his home. If father is grouchy when the boy or girl brings friends there; if mother is too fussy about the little disorder the young ones in their innocent fun may create, then the child will seek his pleasure elsewhere. The parent pays the penalty for his unreasonableness by losing the child's confidence and affection. It is a tragic mistake—this spiritual loss—the sadder, too, for the reason that it might so easily be avoided if parents would but cultivate in their homes the spirit of sweet companionship—would make of their homes social centers to radiate cheer and good will and higher life, not only to their own kindred, but to all the community.

The reader must be reminded of homes that are such social centers. They still bless every community in our land. Haven't you noticed how boys and girls flock to this or that home? Why is it? Not because it is a wealthy home. Usually—the more shame on us—it is not: for wealth too often brings a chill with it that no fire, however bright, can drive away. No: the reason young and old love certain homes is because they find there love and social cheer. The father and mother who preside have hearts that are young and sweet and warm. They keep things doing in their homes worth while.

We call to mind such a home. The mother, however, driven by daily duties, always found time somehow to provide for the social side of her home life. No "Fuss and feathers" about it, but every evening, unless sickness,

or other serious calls prevented it, there was the family gathering about the fire place—a goodnight story told or some book read—a social chat or game or music,—something always to entertain and refresh the hearts of those that dwelt there. Very frequently, other boys and girls dropped in to join the family in the fun.

"How can you stand their noise; it would drive me wild?" a neighbor sister asked one evening of the mother.

"I'd rather stand their noise," was the quiet reply, "than have them roaming the streets while I lay on my pillow worrying and crying because I didn't know where my children were."

"Bring your companions home;" she would tell her children. "We'll make them welcome."

And they did, with the result that it would be impossible to measure the value that home has been to the lives of the hundreds who have partaken of its refining, social influence. There have been and are many such homes in our land yet. God be praised for them.

THE LIVING ROOM.

The kitchen may be the fundamental room in any home so far as material comforts go; but the living room is first in importance when it comes to the social—the higher life of the home. If any room should be inviting, this is the room. Not elaborate in its furnishings, not filled with untouchable bric-a-brac, but comfortable, roomy, restful.

"You ask me what essential features I would suggest in the building of the living room"—it was a practical home builder who was talking. "Well, it ought to be situated in the best part of the house, looking towards a pleasant street or other view. Plenty of windows for light—well ventilated—easy to heat, and easy to keep sanitary. Not too large but so connected with the reception hall or library or dining room that all these can be thrown into one when occasion requires."

"But what of the homes already built, is there any remedy for mistakes made there?"

"Speaking generally, I should say yes; most homes can be remodelled without great expense. The old-fashioned home usually had a parlor walled off in one corner. It wasn't a living room; it was for visitors to look at. Many homes might bring such a room into far better service by opening up its walls and connecting this best room with others. Often, too, the narrow hall might, by a change of partitions, be transformed into a delightful reception room. It isn't always a paying proposition to try to make an old house new, but some surprisingly beneficial changes can often be wrought by a little planning and a few dollars expense. My advice to those who desire such changes is to study well-built homes and then their own. Figure the thing out carefully and decide whether it is worth while."

"How would I furnish the living room?" It was a practical domestic-science teacher who echoed our query. "Well, don't over furnish it; don't fill it with unuseful articles—I mean such things as chairs that crack when a big person sits in them—these tidies, that are always untidy,—these dainty tables that are always trembling for fear they might be tumbled over by some hearty youngster.

"Wouldn't I have beauty?" Yes, but in a living room, I'd demand several qualities in my furniture before beauty. Comfort, durability, cleanliness first. Then beauty. Just try this chair. It's comfortable, isn't it? It's strong and well made; and it's easy to keep clean. More than that, it has the lines of true beauty. Here's another that cost just as much, but it won't stand the wear and tear, it is harder to keep clean—notice the fancy work on it; some folks might think it more beautiful, but the beauty it boasts will grow tiresome before long.

"These same tests will apply to the

rugs, the curtains, the walls and every other part of the room. Most of our living rooms are too gaudily colored, and filled with time wasting unnecessary furniture. I went into a wealthy home recently to help a mother study out her servant problem. It was driving her distracted. It didn't take me long to find out the main trouble. Why, she had about two dozen rooms in her house, and every room was so over furnished with fancy, unuseful things that it would take any woman a whole day to clean it. No wonder we have servant problems. They don't all belong to the rich either. If a good many of our homes threw away half their furnishings, they would be better off. It would pay us every housecleaning time to turn over to the relief societies a lot of these accumulated nuisances that are simply dirt-catchers and work-makers in the home. Many poor people might be blessed by some of them."

"My garret is filled with mistakes," another wealthy woman once said to me. A good many homes are so filled. Now, if the money flung away in household mistakes had been spent to bring books and music and other things that make for higher life in the homes, every living room in our land would be a very attractive room; most of us would enjoy living there."

LESSON 1. THE FAMILY SOCIAL LIFE.

Discuss the following and other related topics:—

1. That family which makes no time for social activities within the home, misses the richest that home life has in store, and defeats the great central purpose of the home.

2. The desirability and practicability of setting aside a part of every day for family companionship.

3. Home pleasures and public pleasures, how can they be harmonized? Is it true that public pleasures are doing most to destroy the social spirit in the home?

4. How many evenings per week

should a child be at home? What are the best means of keeping him there?

5. What home and community practices are doing most to drive or draw young and old away from home.

6. Discuss the advisability of co-operating with the authorities of the ward to have two evenings of each week set apart and sacredly kept as home evenings, to be used as times for the family to gather for recreation, rest and communion.

LESSON 2. THE HOME AS A SOCIAL CENTER.

1. Fashion and formality are the worst foes to friendship.

2. The moral tone of a community is due more to its home social life than to its churches and schools.

3. Of the homes you have known best, which have exercised in your life the profoundest influence for good? Describe without naming the home.

4. It is not only the privilege, but duty of parents to keep young—to foster the companionship of young people in their homes.

5. "Open Homes" are the best cure for street corner habits.

6. Ways of promoting simpler, yet richer home socials among us.

THE LIVING ROOM.

1. A living room is made to live in, not to look at.

2. Most living rooms are overcrowded, over-furnished.

3. "Comfort, durability, then beauty—apply this remark to the furnishings of living rooms as you have observed them.

4. Simplicity as a means of sanitation, and a saver of mother energy.

5. Cheer in the living room. Discuss the fire, light, air, colors, etc., as fundamentals in bringing it about.

6. In your community, there is no doubt, some man or woman who has had a good deal of experience in building or furnishing homes. Invite such a person to open this discussion.

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Class Work for the New Year.

Sunday Schools that are regular in following the lessons suggested by the General Board will make no general promotions from the Second Intermediate department with the beginning of 1912. The Theological classes will, therefore, consist of practically the same membership during the coming year as during the year that is drawing to a close. It is expected that the older members of these classes will be withdrawn as occasion may demand, some to become officers and teachers in the Sunday Schools, others to go on missions, and still others, in the course of nature, to become members of the Parents' Department.

Classes now finishing the course "Jesus the Christ" will begin the study of the "Apostolic Age" in January, and classes now concluding the study of the "History of the Church" will take up the "Doctrines of the Church" with the beginning of the new year. We anticipate no objection to this arrangement, unless it be from some of the older members who may have covered these subjects recently in Sunday School work. These members may not desire to go over the same ground again with younger students who are not prepared to go into the subject as their elders might desire. In Stakes where this class of older students is sufficiently large a third class may be organized in the Theological Department. In several stakes such classes are being conducted this year under direction of their Stake Boards. In one stake these classes have taken up the study of the Book of Mormon; in another, the Old Testament prophets; still others favor a line of work intermediate between the Theological studies of the four-year outlines and the lessons of the Parents' Class. These last are endeavoring to work out a

series of lessons in applied theology or practical religion. This work, however, is in an experimental stage, and would, doubtless, concern only a few of the more thickly populated stakes. The General Board will be pleased to advise with stake officers who are contemplating organization of such a third class and to receive reports from stakes where classes have been conducted throughout the year now closing.

Classes taking up the second year outline will have to depend, in the main, upon the text of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1910 (Vol. 45) contains a series of articles on the missionary labors of St. Paul. These articles begin with the April number and continue each month, except August, until the end of the year. The articles were designed for the use of both teachers and class members in connection with the outlines on the same topics. The conclusion of the course deals with the apostasy. Dr. James E. Talmage's book on this subject will be very helpful to both teachers and students*.

We suggest that the preparation of the lessons outlined for January be based upon a careful study of the scriptural texts given in the outline, together with such information as can be obtained concerning the times and conditions as these may illuminate the text.

The classes that take up fourth year work, "The Doctrines of the Church," will find Dr. Talmage's book on the "Articles of Faith" a convenient reference on most of the topics treated in the outline. There is, perhaps, more literature by Latter-day Saint writers on this subject than on any other in the Sunday School outlines. Most of

*This book may be had from the Sunday School Union Book Store.

our missionary tracts and pamphlets and the major part of the writings of Orson Pratt, Parley P. Pratt, Charles W. Penrose, and others deal with the topics here outlined. The class members should be provided with the "Articles of Faith" or some other book or books containing an exposition of the fundamental doctrines of the Church.

The January lessons, dealing with God and the Godhead, man's free agency, and the fall should be treated from the standpoint of the faith of the Latter-day Saints, and the practical consequences of that faith. An ex-

haustive treatment of any one of these topics in one lesson is impossible; a speculative treatment is unprofitable as a Sunday School exercise.

In all of this class work get as much preparation as is possible from class members and encourage them to take an active part in the class discussions; not, however, as debaters, but as searchers after truth.

On securing greater activity from class members, see JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for January, 1910, Theological Department.

M. B.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Class Work for the New Year.

As there will be no promotions this year the same students will continue in the various sections of the Second Intermediate Department and complete their work in the Old Testament and Book of Mormon. In both these courses the help given in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will follow the Outlines generally, though a few of the lessons of the Old Testament work will be displaced by others to be prepared. In most cases, however, suggestions and illustrative material will be given that may not be within the convenient reach of the average Sunday School teacher, which will help to give a fuller meaning to the topics of the Outlines.

Some teachers have thought that in the Outlines too many sub-topics are given, and that these prevent a proper consideration of more important features outlined and the making of clear definite impressions on the pupils. We suggest to such teachers that topics which seem unimportant to them in developing the aim they select may be minimized and used only in making a background for more fitting matter or they may even be omitted. It is not necessary to dwell long upon each sub-

heading, but enough should be used to make a clear narrative or picture of the entire lesson. Some teachers like to dwell long upon and emphasize greatly some single feature of the lesson, while others are not able to do this and need fuller details. Both extremes should be avoided. The teacher who makes too many points in his lesson, may fail to make a single lasting impression on his pupils, but on the other hand, be not like the aged German professor who, on his death-bed, was asked if he had any regrets concerning his life's work. After quite a pause to consider his reply, he said: "Yes; I have spent my life in the verb *werden*, I wish I had confined my labors to the subjunctive mode of that verb."

The Bible work of the new year begins with the Book of Job, long supposed to be the oldest book in the Bible and certainly one of the most interesting and instructive narratives in it. For lesson one both the teacher and pupil should read carefully the text given. This lesson as outlined seems to be quite long and will have to be condensed greatly if given as a whole in the time allotted. If the pupils already have clear ideas of ancient

conditions and customs from their study of Abraham and other Bible characters who lived before Job, little time need be given to the introduction.

The character, condition and family of Job should be well understood. Often the Bible gives the most meager accounts of its greatest men and events, and the teacher should supplement what it says in many cases. For example: Melchizedek barely mentioned in the Bible, was so great a high priest as to give his name to the higher priesthood, while even Abraham, by uninspired scholars is considered to have been only like unto an Indian chief intellectually, as compared with civilized men now. Modern revelation dispels this notion and shows that he was not only a great spirit but was instructed of God and had the Urim and Thummim, by means of which he no doubt became a most highly educated man in the great truths of the universe instead of the theories of men, and therefore, ahead of any of our learned men of today.

In the various dispensations God has sent great men whose lives have influenced for good their contemporaries. It seems that mankind need such examples to encourage them to do right under trying circumstances. Job may be regarded in this light.

Have you known of persons who have been overtaken by a series of calamities like Job's, though far less serious? You know men who have passed through them retaining their faith and courage? and have you seen others sink under them? Compare the results of the two courses.

Lessons two and three bring out a great many ideas and notions both true and false, that were in vogue in ancient times, and which persist even to the present day. The conversation between Job and his three friends is full of useful lessons that may be made to correct false ideals that are often met in our time and among us. Some of their sayings may be difficult

to understand, but surely there are a sufficient number that are not, to make some very good impressions on the pupils. Don't waste time on the others.

The aims mentioned in the outlines are good ones and may be followed with profit, but to the writer the one great feeling made by the Book of Job was that integrity—one of the highest attributes of intelligent beings—is discovered as well as developed by adversity, and the man to be greatest admired is the one who has been true to his honest convictions, who has kept his faith, and done right where troubles were heaped upon him and his prayers were not answered—for the time being. Most of the great men of God have had to pass through this experience in some form, and even the Savior prayed for the bitter cup to pass by. His prayer was not granted as He desired it at the time, but He quailed not and got His reward in the end.

CONVERSION OF KING LAMONI.

Time: B. C. 91.

Place: Ishmael.

Our outline suggests the 18th and 19th chapters of Alma as the text for this lesson. In these two chapters is told the story of the conversion of King Lamoni. The teacher, however, should read also Mosiah 27:34-37; 28:1-9; Alma 17, in order to understand the purpose of the mission of Ammon and his brethren. The 17th and 18th chapters of the Story of the Book of Mormon also treat on this lesson.

Draw attention to the promise of the Lord made to King Mosiah in regard to the preservation of the lives of these missionaries (Mosiah 28:7).

Points to be particularly dwelt upon: Ammon's humility; the miracles performed by Ammon were necessary in order to appeal to the superstitious and darkened minds of the Lamanites; the conversation between King Lamoni and Ammon (Alma 18:18-34); the

great faith of the queen (19:10); the believers visited by angels (19:34); first baptisms among the Lamanites (19:35).

Verse 36 should be memorized, the thought in it being the aim of the lesson.

NOTES.

ISHMAEL.—It is not certain just where this land was located. It was down from the land of Nephi, and was most likely situated on the east of the Andes mountains. A road connected it with Lehi-Nephi and with Middoni.

A brief talk, comparing the Lamanite form of government with that prevailing among the Nephites would be interesting, if time allows, either with this or the following lesson.

LESSON 38. MEETING OF LAMONI AND HIS FATHER; ALSO OF AMMON AND HIS BRETHREN.

Alma 20, 21; Story of Book of Mormon, 20th chapter.

Time: B. C. 91.

Place: The highway leading from Ishmael to Middoni. The land of Middoni.

Let us picture King Lamoni and Ammon in the king's chariot, drawn by his fine horses, on the way from Ishmael to Middoni, having in view the releasing of Ammon's brethren whom the Lord had made known were suffering and in prison. We can almost imagine that they would be conversing about the things of God, so new to the king, and uppermost in the mind of Ammon.

In the distance they see another chariot approaching, no doubt attended by guards and servants. They meet and greet Lamoni's father. Note the conversation between them, as given in the text.

Lamoni was anxious that his father should share his joy. Like so many who have been themselves converted he fully expected that his father, and

all others to whom he might tell the glad news, would feel as he did himself, and was much astonished at his father's anger.

Note the arguments the old king brings against the Nephites (Alma 20: 13); also Ammon's unselfish requests, and their effect upon the king.

This lesson is also intended to cover the visit of Ammon and Lamoni to Middoni where Ammon's brethren were in prison. The meeting of the missionaries was a sorrowful one. Contrast their experiences with those of Ammon. Point out clearly the reason for their greater suffering, (Alma 20: 30). Note particularly the latter part of verse 29.

What assurance was with these missionaries during all their suffering? (Mosiah 28:7).

NOTES.

JERUSALEM.—In the immediate vicinity of the Waters of Mormon, probably east or north of Lehi-Nephi. In about 100 B. C. the Lamanites, Amulonites and various apostate Nephites built a large and thriving city and named it after their fathers' ancient home in Judea. Its apostate citizens were too sin-hardened to accept the gospel message? They continued in their career of wickedness until the city was engulfed in the earth in the calamities that attended the crucifixion of the Savior. Waters came up in its place, and a stagnant sea, akin to that which hides Sodom and Gomorrah, occupied the place where its grand palaces and rich synagogues previously stood.

AMALEKITES.—A sect of Nephite apostates. Many of them were after the order of Nehor. They joined with the Lamanites and built the city of Jerusalem. They were exceedingly crafty and hard-hearted, and in the ministrations of the sons of Mosiah only one was converted. They led in the massacres of the Christian Lamanites, and later the Lamanite generals were in the habit of placing them in high command in their armies, because of their intense hatred to their former brethren, and their more wicked and murderous disposition.

AMULONITES.—The descendants of Amulon and other corrupt priests of King Noah, who married the daughters of the

Lamanites. They were followers of the teachings of Nehor, and not one was converted to the Gospel.

MIDDONI.—Supposed to be between Ishmael and Nephi, and probably situated in some of the lower valleys, or probably on the north towards the wilderness separating the lands of Nephi and Zarahemla.

This lesson should hardly be attempted without the aid of a map.

LESSON 39. CONVERSION OF THE OLD KING.

Alma 22, 23; Story of the Book of Mormon, 20 and 21st chapters.

Place: Land of Nephi.

Time: Probably about 87 B. C. (See Story of Book of Mormon, chapter 22).

The land of Nephi, or Lehi-Nephi, is familiar to the pupils. Review very briefly some events that have made it well-known. It now appears to be the chief Lamanite city, the home of the king over all the land. Perhaps the improvements made there by the Nephites made it desirable above other Lamanite cities.

The conversation between Aaron

and the king (22:2-11) should be read in the class by the pupils. Recall the king's first conversation with Ammon and note his changed attitude now.

No story could better set forth the lessons of true faith, repentance and humility than this one does. Bring out these points clearly by discussing verses 11, 15, and 17 of the 22nd chapter.

Have the pupils memorize the 18th verse.

The proclamation of the Lamanite king (23:1-4) is a wonderful one, considering the previous history of the Lamanites, and the spirit of hatred that had always possessed them.

Note the remarkable statement made at the close of the 6th verse of 23rd chapter.

Results of conversion: Weapons of war laid down; change of name; become industrious; friendly with Nephites; the curse of God removed.

NOTE: Verses 28 to 34 of 22nd chapter are very interesting as items of geography. With the aid of a map that part of the lesson might be made most instructive.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Class Work for the New Year.

The December number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR contains the class work for the month of January for the ensuing year. No promotions should be made this year unless in very rare cases and for reasons deemed by the Ward Superintendency sufficient to warrant special action.

Consequently in every Sunday School throughout the Church a First Intermediate Class will take up the Second Year's work which is on scenes and stories from the Old Testament. In the larger schools in wards where the population is great enough

to warrant the establishment of more than one class in a department, the more advanced class or classes should take up the Fourth Year's work and thus prepare for the promotion at commencement of the year 1913 into the Second Intermediate Department. The subjects treated in these higher classes are: during the first half of the year, acts and lives of the Apostles in the days of the Savior; and in the second half of the year, modern Church history. In the year just ending, the articles on the Book of Mormon were prepared by Elder John M. Mills.

As a committee we feel that the course pursued by other departments

in which the name of the person preparing each article is announced in each case is a good one; and purpose following this plan during the coming year. Where possible the entire committee will be consulted and pass upon each article presented, but it is deemed better to have each article written by one individual.

Second Year Work.

(Article by George M. Cannon.)

LESSONS FOR JANUARY.

At the outset we desire to impress upon the teachers the fact that this year's work is taken from the greatest of all books. It is well for the teacher to read other books such as books of travel, giving correct ideas of the countries described in the Bible, and of what is known of the peoples who inhabited those lands and also of their modes of life, manners and customs. But these helps can never properly take the place of the Bible itself.

The great writers, speakers and students of the civilized world have paid to the Bible the highest tribute as a source from whence they drew not only great inspiration but also much that added to their ability to attract and hold the attention of their fellow-men.

Not only this, but the Great Teacher gave to His disciples the injunction: "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." (John 5: 39.)

So that, we urge every teacher to read and re-read until mastered the text in the Bible itself. Also to seek to implant in each pupil a love for the book itself; and to induce as many as possible of the students to read therein while at home the lesson for the next Sunday.

Each teacher should also have as a basis for his work a copy of the "Sunday School Outlines," covering the year's work for his class. These are

for sale by the Deseret Sunday School Union, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, and give references by chapter and verse covering all subjects assigned in the lessons.

LESSON 1. CREATION.

The account of the Creation as given in the Bible, and in fact the narrative contained in the first five books of the Bible was written by Moses the great law-giver and prophet.

The teacher may with profit read the account of the creation contained in the "Pearl of Great Price." For the pupil, the language of the Bible itself is both interesting and instructive. Go carefully over the happenings of each day, and bring out clearly the aim of the lesson. The one suggested in the outline is that "God created the earth for the abode of man."

In this connection let it be understood that more than one aim usually is found in a lesson. After going over the subject of any lesson in a thorough manner the teacher is at liberty to consider as the aim of that lesson the idea which in his judgment is best taught by the lesson whether that aim is the one suggested by the outlines or not. Teachers are urged to put as much individuality into a lesson as possible, but to use the subject matter and text assigned, illustrating the lesson and applying the aim as they deem for the greatest good of the class.

LESSON 2. CAIN AND ABEL.

The suggestions made concerning lesson one apply with special force to lesson two. By all means the teacher should read for his own information the account of the first murder as given in the Pearl of Great Price. Use information gained therefrom as deemed wise in going over the subject with the pupils; avoiding now and always, as much as possible, the realms of speculation as to matters up-

on which no clear light or knowledge has come into the world.

LESSON 3. THE FLOOD.

The first two lessons of the month have been outlined; but many Sunday School workers feel that where they make their own outlines, better results follow than if all outlines are prepared by others and simply presented to them ready for use. All agree that the preparation of an outline will give the Stake-workers in Union meeting and the teachers a better idea of how to use or to apply outlines already prepared. And so, in order to comply with the feeling referred to and to enable local workers to use as much individuality as possible, the third lesson of each month's work is assigned by text; but the outlining is left for the ward teachers under supervision of the Stake Department worker in the Union meetings.

Lesson four is to be devoted to fast day exercises and such class work as the local ward and stake department workers shall propose. May we suggest that in testimony bearing, simplicity and truth should be encouraged. A tendency to simply say in parrot-like manner that which others have said should be avoided. The testimony of the teacher should be given if not at the very beginning certainly early in the exercises. Brother Maeser used to say that you might as well lay the fire, placing paper, kindling-wood and coal, one on top of the other and expect it to burn without applying a match or other similar method of lighting, but simply at the command "burn now" as to say to a class of children, that they are expected to bear their testimonies of the truth of the gospel, and expect a hearty response, without the teacher first kindling into flame the spirits of the children by his own burning testimony of the truth. We suggest that one of the best methods of instilling faith in the minds of the young is to have them

look up narratives of a faith promoting character, and briefly tell the story to the class.

Fourth Year Lessons.

(Sylvester D. Bradford)

The teachers will receive a great deal of satisfaction from teaching the fourth year's work, because the work is consecutive from the beginning of Acts to the end; and because the incidents are full of interest, and the truths to be impressed are very apparent. It will be easy for both teachers and pupils to form vivid mental pictures of the various events, providing the geography of the country is studied and the location of the different sections of country is clearly in mind. Every "Students Bible" is well equipped with maps that will require only a few minutes of study. It would be well for the teachers to draw maps to use in the classes. The preparation of the maps will greatly aid the teacher and the maps themselves will be found an aid in the class.

LESSON ONE.

The title of lesson one might better be "The Holy Ghost Conferred upon the Apostles," which emphasizes the main point of the lesson more than does the present heading. At the close of this lesson we all should be deeply impressed with the fact that if we are prompt in doing our part, the Lord will fulfill His part of the contract. This is emphasized in topic one, which shows how prompt the apostles were in completing their organization, and how readily the inspiration of the Lord guided them. This may be considered as a preparation for the great day of Pentecost. In presenting topic two, effort should be made to give a clear picture of the wonderful gathering and to show how completely the people were prepared to hear Peter's great sermon which forms the heading

for topic three. Acts 2:38, 39, states very specifically the truth we are trying to impress in the lesson. Topic four gives a concrete example of the fulfillment of God's promises to those who are obedient.

Care should be taken by the teachers to see clearly the relation of one topic to another and the relation of each topic to the aim of the lesson. For instance, at first glance one might fail to see any relation between the choosing of an apostle and the aim of the lesson. But on second thought it is clearly a case of promptness on the part of the eleven to complete their organization and get ready for immediate action in obedience to the call of the Master, whose promises are fulfilled. The aim might be made to fit the case better by making it to read, "The blessings of the Lord come through Jesus Christ and by obedience."

LESSON TWO.

The word magnify as used in the aim of this lesson doubtless refers to power from on high. A manifestation of this power is shown in the topic one, "Healing of the Cripple."

Topic two, "Peter's address to the wondering multitude," shows that Peter and his companion were true servants and gave all honor to the "Master." This is one very essential characteristic of a good servant.

Topic three, "Peter and John before the Sanhedrin." It took very great courage to say that the miracle had been performed through Christ whom these people had crucified. Acts 4:10. This council of wicked men were glad to let the Apostles go without any further trouble providing they would not refer any more to Jesus. The line of least resistance would have been to follow the suggestion. Their answer, Acts 4:19, should be elaborated upon.

Topic four, "Peter and John's report to the disciples." Emphasize the remarkable prayer. These men were in the very midst of the men who had crucified the Savior and these same ruffians had sworn vengeance against the apostles. They were in great peril. Study carefully verses 29 and 30 and note that they do not pray for their own safety but for strength to do their duty.

Topic five, "Ananias and Sapphira" deals with a negative example.

LESSON THREE.

Gamaliel's defense of the imprisoned apostle.

Suggestive Aim—

God can accomplish His purposes through the agency of faithful men, in spite of designs of the wicked.

The lesson may well be divided into three parts, viz:

1. The miracles among the new converts.
2. The imprisonment and escape.
3. The trial.

Conditions in topic one could be discussed as a fulfillment of the prayer mentioned in previous lesson.

In topic two reference should be made to the instruction given by the Sanhedrin as mentioned in previous lesson, and how completely the command was ignored. The boldness of the apostles is strongly emphasized.

The helplessness of man (even with his soldiers and strong prison walls) when the Lord desires to accomplish a purpose is apparent in the delivery from prison.

Topic three. Why were the priests so anxious for the death of the apostles? Why were they afraid to kill them?

Elaborate on the logic of Gamaliel. Show him as a man of great moral courage. What would be the feelings of the apostles when released?

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A Marton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Amy Bowman.

THE USE OF PICTURES.

We all realize the value of good pictures in our work. It was almost impossible to get pictures illustrating the lessons of last year. But this year we have a wide field from which to choose. The masters of almost every country have chosen subjects from the life of Christ, and if we present these to the child they will aid him in forming beautiful concepts of the lesson. Whether we wish it or not he is constantly forming mind pictures of the characters and incidents in the Bible story, sometimes very crude ones, and when we present a masterpiece for his consideration we aid him in forming truer and nobler concepts.

As there are five Sundays in December, and we should not wish to tell the story of the birth of Christ, when we take it in our January work, the time could be very profitably employed by giving a picture lesson upon the Madonna on the 24th of December.

The teacher could begin the lesson by asking a few questions about Christmas, then tell the children that artists have loved to read the beautiful story of Mary and the baby Jesus, and they have painted many pictures showing the beautiful pure face of Mary with the Christ-child in her arms.

Several Madonnas may be shown and discussed with the children. Incidents in the life of the artist, or an interesting story in connection with the picture may be told.

The Madonna of the Chair is perhaps better known than others. The following story is told in connection with this picture:

During Raphael's lifetime there lived among the Italian hills a hermit named Bernardo. He was once asked if he were not lonely and answered, "No, for I have two daughters who

are very good to me; one is a talking daughter and one is a dumb daughter."

By the talking daughter he meant Mary, the daughter of a vine-dresser who also lived among the Italian hills, and by the dumb daughter he meant a large oak tree which grew near his hut.

His hut was swept away by a flood and he only saved his life by climbing into the arms of his dumb daughter, where he remained until Mary and her father carried him to their home. Mary watched over and nursed him until he died. Before he died he said that his dearest wish was that the Lord would in some way bless and distinguish his two daughters.

Some years later Raphael, seeking a model for a Madonna, chanced to come to the home of Mary who was married and had two beautiful little boys. Mary's beautiful face at once impressed Raphael, and picking up the lid of a wine cask which had been made from the hermit's oak tree, he sketched the Madonna of the Chair upon it. Thus the hermit's desire was fulfilled.

LESSON I. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Text: Luke 2:1-7.

The Jews, the children of Israel, after living in other countries, were glad to go back to Jerusalem and the country near, and hundreds of years after King Cyrus gave them permission to return to their native land the cities and towns were inhabited by Jews. The people remembered a promise our Heavenly Father had made that a king and deliverer should come to them, a Savior who should rule the earth, and they were eagerly watching for His coming. But they expected an earthly king, not a Redeemer, for now they did not have their own king but were ruled by one

appointed by Caesar Augustus. Caesar sent "out a decree that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed everyone unto his own city."

At this time there lived in the beautiful little city of Nazareth a man named Joseph and his wife Mary, a beautiful Jewish maiden. Nazareth was high up above the plain in the beautiful fertile valley, surrounded by rounded hill tops. The white houses along the narrow streets, the green of the trees and the bushes, and the profusion of flowers made a very attractive spot.

In one of these little white houses lived Joseph and Mary. They were preparing for a journey; for, as they were of the House of David, they must go to the city of David, to Bethlehem, to be taxed. They had to travel about sixty miles. That would not be a long journey, if one could go in the train or in an automobile or even in a carriage, but these people traveled very differently. Joseph would have to walk all the way, and Mary would ride upon a donkey, so it would take three or four days.

So borne upon the back of a donkey, which Joseph guided very carefully to avoid the rough places, that she might ride more easily, Mary came to Bethlehem. But for all Joseph's care she was very tired and glad indeed when they reached their journey's end, and Joseph, pushing his way through the crowd of people, went to ask whether there was room for them at the inn.

How beautiful Mary looked when she sat there among the people. The noisy throng was hushed as they looked upon her. No one knew who she was, but the gentle, holy light on her face filled the hearts of the people with awe and wonder.

Joseph returned saying: "There is no room for us in the inn, but we can find rest and shelter in the cave back of the inn."

Joseph guided the donkey through

the crowds of people, through the inn gate, across the court, to the door of the stable which was built over the front of the cave. The guide threw the door open wide for them to enter. As they looked around they saw along the side of the cave the mangers built for the animals. Sweet smelling hay lay on the floor and it looked very attractive to the weary travelers.

When darkness lay over all the land, and the little village was wrapped in slumber, the little Christ-child came, the Savior for whom the people had been waiting and watching for so many years.

LESSON 2. THE MESSAGE OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Text: Luke 2:8-20.

Adapted from Ben Hur.

About two miles southeast of Bethlehem, and separated from it by a swell of the mountain, lies a plain where the shepherds find good pasturage for their flocks. In this plain was a field enclosed by a stone wall about as high as a man's head. Within this wall a hedge of rhamnus had been planted, thus making a very safe refuge for the flocks at night.

In the very day on which Joseph and Mary found their way to Bethlehem, some shepherds led their flocks to this plain; "and from early morning the groves had been made to ring with calls, and the blows of axes, the bleating of sheep and goats, the tinkling of bells, the lowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs. When the sun went down, they led the way to the enclosure, and by nightfall had everything safe in the field; then they kindled a fire by the gate, partook of their humble supper, and sat down to rest and talk, leaving one on watch."

These shepherds were rough-looking men. Their hair stood out from their heads in thick, coarse, sunburnt shocks; their beards covered their throats and descended over the breast;

each wore a mantle of sheep or goat-skin girthed at the waist by a leather belt; their sandals were of the coarsest material; from the right shoulder of each hung a scrip containing food and stones for slings; on the ground near each one lay his crook.

"Such were the shepherds of Judea! In appearance, rough and savage as the gaunt dogs sitting with them around the blaze; in fact, simple-minded, tender-hearted: effects due, in part, to the primitive life they led, but chiefly to their constant care of things lovable and helpless."

The shepherd took the lamb at birth and it became his charge: his to name and train; his to guard from harm. It became his constant companion.

On the Sabbath, these rude and simple men were wont to purify themselves and go up into the synagogues, where they listened to the service with great reverence, and thought long afterwards upon what they had heard. They had heard and believed the promises of the Old Testament that the Savior, whom we call Jesus, would come.

While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds fell asleep, each lying where he had sat.

Silence settled over the plain. The watchman walked back and forth. Occasionally he heard a stirring among the flocks, or a jackal's cry from the mountain side, but the night wore peacefully on. It was a beautiful clear night. The air was crisp, and the heavens sparkled with stars. The hour drew near for the next watch, and he made his way toward the place where his companions lay sleeping, longing for the dreamless sleep that would soon reward his labor. But as he neared the dying fire, he saw a bright light breaking around him. It grew so bright that he called to his companions: "Awake, awake! The sky is on fire."

All jumped to their feet, weapons in hand. As they stood looking upward

the light became intolerably bright. They were filled with fear and sunk upon their knees and hid their faces upon the earth. But a voice gentle and soothing said unto them, "Fear not." The voice overcame their fear and as they arose upon their knees and looked worshipfully towards the bright light, they saw the personage of a man looking upon them with love and gentleness. As they gazed the angel of the Lord "said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The messenger ceased speaking. His good tidings were told. But as he paused he extended his hand towards them in blessing. Suddenly the light as far up as the shepherds could see was filled with angels "praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them unto heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us."

So trusting their flocks to the care of Him, who had sent this wondrous vision, the shepherds left the field and journeyed by night to the cave at Bethlehem, where they found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. The shepherds knelt reverently and worshiped the tiny babe. Then, as they returned to their flocks they praised and glorified God, for the things that they had heard and seen.

LESSON 3. THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Text: Luke 2:22-38.

This story is beautifully told in

Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young." This book will be of the greatest help to teachers of this de-

partment for the coming year. It may be obtained at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, price sixty cents.



Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman, assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.

OUTLINES FOR JANUARY.

1. Picture Day.
Aim: The more we love, the more we give.
2. The Flight into Egypt and Return. Matt. 12.
Aim: Obedience to the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord brings protection.
3. The Childhood of Jesus. Luke 2:41-53.
Aim: Obedience is a Christ-like attribute.
4. Jesus and the Doctors. Luke 2:43-50.
Aim: The same.

OUTLINES FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Picture Day.
Aim: Those of January.
2. Jesus Blessing Little Children. Texts: Matt. 19:13-15; Luke 18:15-17.
Aim: Purity of soul leads to Christ.
3. Humane Day Exercises.
Aim: Kindness to our animal friends should be a pleasure as well as a duty.
4. The Widow's Mite. Texts: Mark 12:41-44; Luke 21:1-4.
Aim: The Lord accepts our offerings in the spirit in which they are given.

[The work for this month has been prepared by Sister Alice Hillam, supervisor of Liberty Stake, assisted by Sisters Annie Christensen and Vera Fieger of the First and Thirty-first Wards respectively. Special attention is called to the discussion of the use of the black-board in the Kindergarten.]

Suggestive Memory Gems.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

One morn the listening angels heard
The Bells of New Year true,
And, smiling, sent the snowflakes down
To make our old world new.

Each tiny snowflake—oh, so small!—
One little spot made bright,
And smiled until the earth smiled too
In silence pure and white.

"How can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January?"
By each day doing what is best,
By thinking, working for the rest.
So can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January."

NATURE WORK.

[Taken from Sunday School Kindergarten Plan Book.]

THE MOON AND STARS.

At night, after the bright sunshine has gone and it gets dark, what do you have in your homes so that you can see? A bright lamp, don't you? If you should go outside what would you see shining down upon you to make it lighter? The moon and stars. How many moons do you see? And do you only see one star? No; there are many stars shining and twinkling in the sky. Do you know the little story about the star which says—

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky."

Some of the stars are much larger than others, and are they brighter, too? On winter nights the stars look

brighter than at any other time. Do you remember about the bright star that guided the wise men to Jesus? The cold, frosty weather always seems to make the stars sparkle more and when the snow is on the ground, and the stars and bright moon are out, it is very light.

Who can tell me how the moon looks? Does it always look large and round or does it sometimes look different? Will you all look at the moon the next time it rises and then tell me how it looks? "Moon Song"—Hill, page 54.

"Lovely moon, lovely moon sailing so high,
Come to the children down from the sky.
Children dear, children dear, far down below,
I send my moonlight but I cannot go."

THE SUNSHINE.

[If the sun is shining have the children look out of the windows and tell what they see. Take a hand looking glass and reflect the sunshine into the room.]

If the day is cloudy, talk of the sunshine behind the friendly storm clouds. The teacher may stand a small child back of her so that the others cannot see him to illustrate how the clouds hide the sun from us.]

The sun shines in the winter as it does in the summer, but it is not directly over us and it is not so warm. The sunshine makes the snowflakes and ice sparkle as though they were happy to welcome it.

Mister Sun comes up late in the winter and goes to bed early, as children sometimes do. I wonder if it ever finds any of us asleep in bed when it peeps over the mountains?

Listen while I tell you how it peeps into one child's room. The story says—

"When I'm softly sleeping
In the early morn,
Through my window creeping,
A sun-ray comes new-born,

It gently says, "Good morning,"
Then with golden light,
Peeping through my curtain,
Makes my chamber [bedroom] bright."
—E. Smith, part 1, p. 58.

SUGGESTIVE SONGS.

"Earth's Winter Dress," p. 31—
Patty Hill Songs.

"Merry Little Snow Flakes," p. 28—
Patty Hill Songs.

"Little New Year"—Primary Song
Book.

"The Snow Man,"—W. H. Neid-
linger Songs, p. 41.

In this last song we have a rest exercise also: The teacher chooses one child to be the snow man; and two or three others to make it. These children play they are rolling the snow and then bank it up to make the real snow man. They put his arms out straight and after carefully patting the snow he is ready for the exercise. Now all of the children on the circle have a chance to participate. They all stand up and play they are making snow-balls. When they have enough, they all try to knock the snow man down. Generally, the child that is the snow man falls after the throwing, but sometimes he still stands and in this case the children play they are the warm sunshine, and slowly he melts away.

THE BLACKBOARD IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

One of the most useful aids in the telling of the Bible story is the use of pictures. With pictures it is much easier to gain the attention and interest of the children. The children are disappointed if a lesson is given without a picture. As it is impossible to get good pictures on all the lessons outlined, we have found in our stake that the blackboard may be used with just as good results. In some lessons, we have gained better results than we could have done with a picture.

The teacher need not be an artist

in order to make the illustrations. Simple sketches that even a child could make, may be used; in general the simpler the picture the better. Straight lines can very nicely serve to represent people, and other elements in the pic-



tures may be as simple in proportion.

The teacher of each group should be provided with a small blackboard. (24 by 18 inches is about the right size, and such a board can be secured for about fifty cents).

We have found three different methods of using the blackboard serviceable in our kindergarten class work: first, the drawing may be prepared by the teacher before the story is told; second, the teacher may draw it as she tells the story; third, the children themselves may help the teacher to make simple drawings as the story progresses. The following illustra-



tions from our recent lessons may be suggestive:

The story, "Joseph Sold into Egypt," will illustrate the first method.

- a. The house in which Joseph lived.
- b. The wheat field.
- c. A corn field.

- d. The tent in which the ten brothers lived.
- e. The sheep.
- f. The ten brothers.
- g. The hole into which Joseph was put.
- h. The men on camels to whom Joseph was sold.

To show that a famine came, erase the wheat and corn.

The story "Fire from Heaven," will illustrate both the second and third methods. These drawings must be done very quickly so the interest will not lag. They must therefore be very simple.

1. Ahab's altar (to be drawn by the teacher), a. the altar, b. the sticks, c. the sacrifice.
2. Elijah's altar (to be drawn by the children). a, b, c, same as above; d. the ditch around the altar; e. the fire.



Erase Elijah's altar to show that it was all burned.

In this year's outlines we have the Book of Mormon Stories and also stories from Church History. It is almost impossible to get pictures on these lessons. In order that the interest may be kept up, it will be necessary to have some kind of illustrations. These stories may be made very interesting by using the black board to illustrate them.

FIRST SUNDAY.—PICTURE DAY.

The review of the December work should make an ideal picture lesson.

Pictures on these subjects may be obtained from almost any child's picture Bible or from the Deseret Sunday School Book Store. "What They Did," a story of a bunch of flowers, found on page 371 of "In the Child World," illustrates beautifully the thought—"The more we love, the more we give."

SECOND SUNDAY.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT AND RETURN.

After seeing Jesus, the wise men did not go back to Herod. Our Heavenly Father told them in a dream that Herod wanted to destroy Jesus, and told them to go home another way; this they did.

Joseph was then told, by an angel, to take the baby Jesus and His mother and go into Egypt. He went immediately, taking them away in the night.

This is the way they looked as they went. (Show picture of Flight into Egypt.)

The cruel Herod tried to find Jesus, but of course could not, as Joseph had taken Him away as the angel told him to do.

A few years later Herod died, and then the angel came back again to Joseph, and this time told him he might come back to his old home again.

THIRD SUNDAY.—CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

Joseph and Mary were very glad to get back to their home again after Herod died. Jesus was glad to go also, for He had heard fine stories about this home from His mother. He must have been a very happy, sunshiny little boy, for you remember our song says,

"He played as little children play,

The pleasant games of youth;
And He never got vexed when the game
went wrong,

But He always spoke the truth."

Joseph, His earthly father, was a carpenter and had a carpenter's shop. What good times Jesus had in that shop, and how He tried to help Joseph with his work; and, when asked to do

anything, He always obeyed cheerfully and willingly. His kind, gentle mother taught Him to pray night and morning, and "So He grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God was upon Him."

FOURTH SUNDAY.—JESUS AND THE
DOCTORS.

Every year Joseph and Mary went to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the

Passover. One year, when Jesus was twelve years old, He went with them.

They stayed in Jerusalem several days, and Joseph and Mary set out on their way back, but Jesus was left behind. They did not miss Him until they had traveled about a day's journey. They thought He was with some of their friends; for all the people who could travel, went to Jerusalem at Passover time and made up parties to return to the towns and villages they



lived in. When they found that Jesus was not with them, Mary and Joseph were greatly afraid that some harm had come to Him, and hastened back to Jerusalem asking, as they went, if any one had seen Him. "They searched for Him three days and then they found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors both hearing them and asking them questions."

His mother ran to Him and asked

Him why He had stayed behind, told Him how sad they had been, and how they had hunted for Him.

Jesus said He had stayed to do His Heavenly Father's work. Yet, although He seemed to be coming to realize that the time was near when He must be about His Heavenly Father's business, He obeyed Joseph and Mary and went home with them.

Is There a Santa Claus?

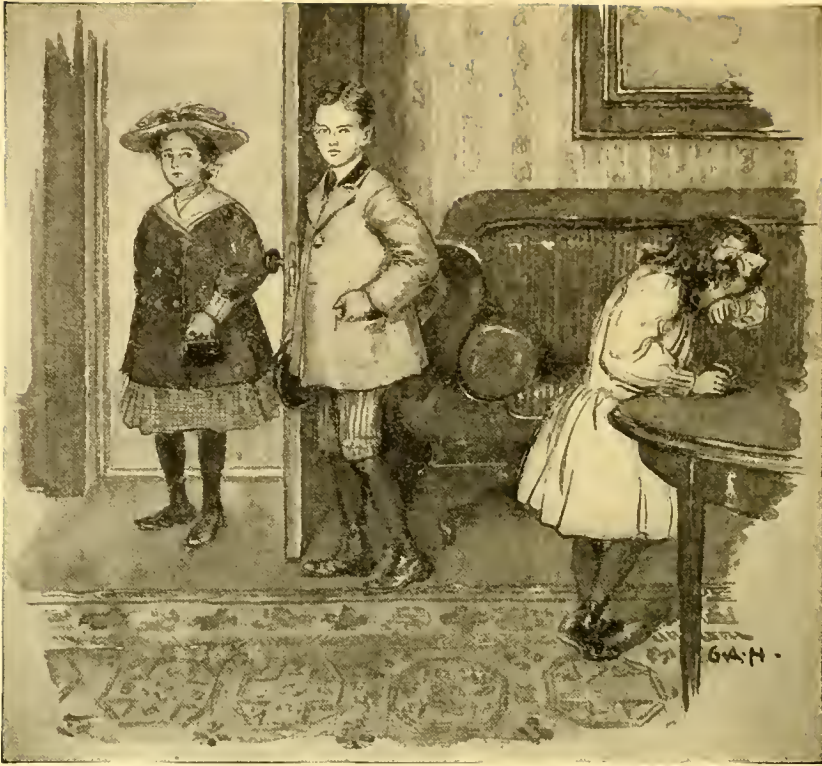
No Santa Claus? Yes, my little man, there is a Santa Claus, thank God! The world would indeed be poor without one. It is true that he does not always wear a white beard and drive a reindeer team—not always, you know—but what does it matter? He is Santa Claus with the big, loving, Christmas heart, for all that; Santa Claus with the kind thoughts for every one that make children and grown-up people beam with happiness all day long.

And shall I tell you a secret which I did not learn at the post-office, but it is true all the same—of how you can always be sure your letters go to him straight by the chimney route? It is this: send along with them a friendly thought for the boy you don't like; for Jack who punched you, or Jim who was mean to you. The meaner he was the harder do you resolve to make it up; not to bear him a grudge. That is the stamp for the letter to Santa. Nobody can stop it,

not even a cross-draught in the chimney, when it has that on.

Because—don't you know, Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas and ever and ever so many years ago when the dear little Baby was born after whom we call Christmas, and was cradled in the manger out in the stable because there was not room in the inn, that Spirit came into the world to soften the hearts of men and make them love one another. Therefore, that is the mark of the Spirit of this day. Don't let anybody or anything rub it out. Then the rest doesn't matter. Let them tear Santa's white beard off at the Sunday school festival and growl in his bearskin coat. These are only his disguises. The steps of the real Santa Claus you can trace all through the world as you have done here with me, and when you stand in the last of his tracks you will find the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem smiling a welcome to you. For then you will be home.—*Jacob A. Riis.*

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 "If a man wishes to know the strength of evil, let him try to abandon it."  
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Leslie's Spools.

(A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.)

By Kate Upson Clark.

One Christmas, Arthur and Mildred Chase and their little sister Leslie put all their money together and bought their mother a Christmas present.

Ten-year-old Arthur was the eldest, and he naturally put in the largest part of the money. He had seventeen cents. Mildred was two years younger, and she had twelve cents. Leslie had only a penny, but she wanted to be "in the present," she said. She was only six years old, and she was so fond of candy that she could hardly ever pass Mrs. Skeel's shop, just around the corner, without stopping to buy a Jackson ball or a few buttercups or something else to eat. It was a wonder that she had even a penny to spare.

The children found a pretty little purse for just thirty cents. They

bought it three days before Christmas. They never did such hard work in their lives as to keep from telling their mother about it. They never could have done it in the world if their father had not helped them.

Their mother was so pleased with the purse that she cried a little. She kissed them all over and over again as she thanked them.

"Next year," said wise little Mildred to Arthur, "we must begin earlier to save our money. Then we can get something much nicer for mother."

Arthur thought that this would be a fine plan; and the following November they really did begin to save every cent that came to them, until they had scraped together seventy-five cents apiece.

Leslie had promised to save, too—

but Mrs. Skeel's candy-shop had been too much for her. By a week before Christmas, when they decided to start out and buy their present, she had only ten cents.

"You can't be in the present—with just ten cents," said Arthur scornfully.

"Can she, Mildred?"

"Indeed, no," agreed Mildred. "If you had twenty-five cents to put in, we could get quite a large pair of sugar-tongs. The next cheaper size is a dollar and a half. We are going to take that. We don't want your ten



cents. You can go and buy some stingy little present for mother with it for your own self. You can't be in ours."

Leslie cried hard, but Arthur and Mildred were firm.

Leslie's ten cents was in the form of two five-cent pieces. She resolved that she would not spend one penny out of it; but the very next day she saw a licorice "shoe-string," one of her favorite kinds of candy, in Mrs. Skeel's shop—and soon she had only four pennies left from one of the five-cent pieces.

The next day her playmate, Muriel Jones, asked Leslie to go to the store with her. She had to buy a spool of cotton and a paper of needles for her mother. When Mrs. Skeel handed the package to Muriel, she said, "We have just had some very nice fresh taffy-on-a-stick come in. Don't you want some?"

"Yes," said Muriel sadly, "but I haven't any money."

Leslie was a generous little soul, and taffy-on-a-stick was her delight. Before she had had really time to think, she said, "I have some money. I will take two taffies."

Presently the two little girls were enjoying their taffies—but one of them had an uncomfortable conscience within her.

During the next two days, three more of Leslie's precious pennies went in the same way. Christmas was close at hand. She had seen the beautiful shining sugar-tongs which Arthur and Mildred had bought for their mother. They were in a dainty white box, and wrapped in the whitest of tissue paper. And she, Leslie, was not "in it"—and she had only four cents now with which to get her own present. Oh, oh, she must buy something "quick"—before she spent any more!

The next morning, as soon as she was dressed to go out to play, she hurried to a large shop, a few blocks away. She took a roundabout route, so that she need not pass Mrs. Skeel's tempting window. Leslie knew her weakness and did not dare to trust herself.

It was not yet nine o'clock when she reached the big store, so there were not many people there. She marched up to the first counter and told the pleasant-faced young lady behind it that she had come to buy a Christmas present for her "muvver"—for Leslie could not talk quite plain, though she was so old.

"How much money have you?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, if I could only say 'ten cents!'" thought the poor little girl. Her face

turned red with shame as she stammered out, "F—f—f—our cents."

"Well—here are shoe-buttoners—and collars—and glove-menders," mused the saleswoman. "But there isn't anything for four cents."

Leslie's heart went down into her shoes. Maybe she would not be able to get anything at all. Oh, if she had not bought all that candy!

At last the girl said, "Here is some silk twist on little spools. They are a penny apiece. You might give your mother four of them."

She held out the box. The colors were very bright. Leslie's eyes shone. These would do nicely.

She chose one spool of bright green, one of fiery orange, one of magenta and one of royal purple. They were wrapped in a bit of brown paper, twisted at the ends. Leslie thrust the little parcel deep down into her pocket, handed over her four cents, and joyously wended her way homeward.

"They are just as pretty as if they had cost ten cents," she laughed to herself. "And mother can sew with them. She will like them—maybe she will like them as much as she likes the sugar-tongs."

You can imagine the delight of the dear mother when she found the beautiful sugar-tongs on the Christmas tree. She thanked her darling Leslie for the spools, too, you may be sure—though she feared that the colors were not quite what she should need to use in her sewing.

Finally the whole story was told to her, and she gave her dear little girl a kind talk about it.

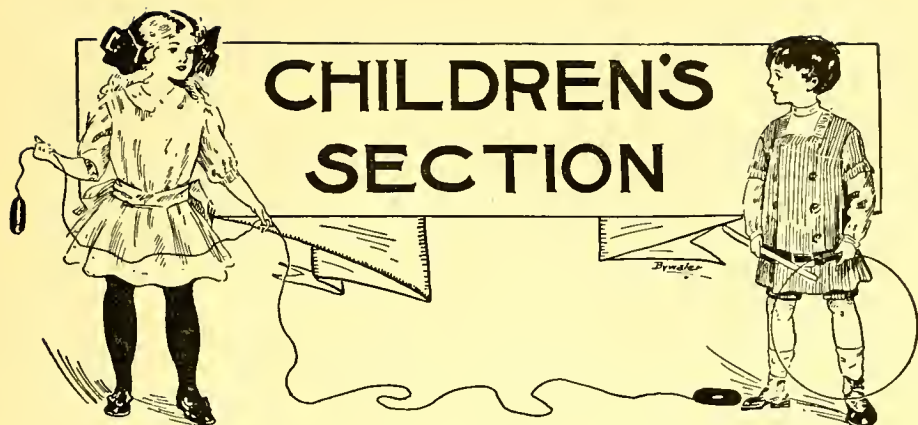
"I love your present, Leslie," she said, with a kiss, "but I am sorry that you could not join with Arthur and Mildred. It would have been nice to have had you all represented in one gift—but what I am most sorry about is that you cannot keep from eating candy, even when you want to, and promise to. You know mother does not like you to eat candy between meals for it makes you sick. Now I am going to try to have some nice

candy often for your dessert at noon, and I want you to see if you cannot go without buying any for a month. By that time you will have conquered the habit, perhaps. In order to help you, I am going to keep the pretty spools on the mantel in my room, where you will see them whenever you come in. They will remind you."



For many months the bright spools preached little sermons to Leslie from her mother's mantel, until she grew strong to resist the temptation which beset her.

All of this happened many years ago. The dear mother is no longer here—but still Leslie cherishes the four little spools, now soiled and faded with time. And they still speak to her, whenever she sees them, of the lesson that she learned first from them—one of the greatest and hardest lessons of life.



The Twin Dolls.

By Ellen Ruby Perry.

(A ONE-SYLLABLE STORY.)

Meg and May were twin girls, just six years old. You could not have told Meg from May, or May from Meg.

The twins lived in a queer house by the sea. If you had seen it you would have asked, "Is that a house?" It was tall and round, and in a room at the top there was a big lamp.

The light from this lamp was so bright that it streamed far out on the sea and showed the men who were out in ships where they were. When the men saw it they said in glad tones, as if they had come in sight of home or of a friend, "There's *The Light*!"

One night in the last month of the year there came a cold storm. It was that night of the year when Saint Nick brings gifts to boys and girls. I think you know its name, and the name of the month.

Once a dear child was born on that night, who was the Christ Child.

Meg and May had learned to sew, and they had made two red bags. That night they climbed the long stairs to the top room. Meg hung her bag on the right side of the big lamp, and May hung hers on the left side. Then each left a kiss on her bag for dear old Saint Nick, if he should come in and find the bags by the light of the big lamp. When they got down stairs it was time for them to go to bed.

When the bright sun woke them up next day, they ran right up to the lamp room, and, oh joy! Saint Nick had been there. "Oh, see!" cried May, and "Oh, see!" cried Meg.

In May's bag was a doll which wore a dark-blue dress and a blue cloak to match it. On her head was a blue hood. May, too, found a doll in her red bag. It was just like Meg's, but it wore a light-blue suit.

So, each twin had just what she had wished for most—a dear doll!

Of course the twin dolls must have names; and as they were brought by Saint Nick, the twins said their names must start with "N." So the twins called them Nan and Nell.

Meg and May are grown up now and live far from the dear, queer house by the sea. But they still have the dolls, and keep them in the red bags. And when that dear night comes round each year, to bring a thought of the Christ Child to the world, Meg and May like to tell how glad they were that Saint Nick saw the Light and stopped to put the dolls in their dear red bags!

The Christmas Candles.

A little Eskimo once came
To share our happy home,
Brought by an arctic traveler
Across the frozen foam.

On Christmas eve we dressed a tree,
As every home should do,
With toys and snow and glittering things
And candles red and blue.

The room was shut till Christmas day,
When, after dinner-time,
All were to dance around the tree—
That spectacle sublime!

But oh! when father hurried in
The little wicks to light,
In vain the taper in his hand—
No candle met his sight.

"Hi there!" he cried, "What joke is this?
The candles, where are they?"

And all who helped to dress the tree
Stood speechless with dismay.

"The candles! there were forty-eight—
Four dozen," mother said,
"And not a single one is left
A beam of light to shed."

Then spake the little Eskimo:
"Me sorry what me done;
Me very hungry in the night,
Me ate them every one."

The Children's Budget Box.

Dear Children: We have so much other matter that we must print this time that we haven't room for your little stories, pictures and poems. But you will be pleased with our new story, "The

Runaway Dolls" which commences in this number.

May you all have a Merry Christmas.
The Editor.

The Puzzle Page.

The correct answers to the October "double beheading" puzzle are as follows:

1. Grant—Ant.
2. Boone—one.
3. Clark—Ark.
4. Hamilton—Milton.
5. Bland—and
6. Lee—e.
7. Price—ice.
8. Seward—ward.

Correct answers were received from Wallace Ward, Brigham City; Lorenzo Summerhays, 2435 So. 8th East, Salt Lake; Bernella Gardner, Pine Valley, Utah; Ivy C. N. Nielson, Hunter, Utah; Rullon Bennion, Vernon, Utah; Pearl

L. Jones, Hunter, Utah; Irene Day, Hunter, Utah; Sidney Pehrson, Vernon, Utah.

THE "WHY" PUZZLE.

Boys and girls, here is a chance for you to think. "Why" do you, and "why" should others read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. For each of the 10 best reasons given in the fewest words, we shall award suitable books. For the one very best answer we shall give a fine big Christmas book worth \$1.50. Write plainly and neatly. Answers must be in before January 1st, 1912.

Address Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City.





Marjorie's Christmas.

I'm just a happy little girl—
My name is Marjorie;
I'm seven years old the very month
They have the Christmas-tree.
My folks are always good to me
When Santa makes his call,
But it never seems like Christmas
Unless I get a doll!



My mother strings popcorn and hangs
It all around the Tree,
An' colored candles an' bright balls—
It's pretty as can be;
But if I had a lovely Tree
Four times as full and tall,
It would never seem like Christmas
Unless I got a doll!







I want a bracelet and a ring,
A gold watch and a muff—
They said I'd have a bicycle
When I got old enough;
I'll like the story-books I'll get,
The handkerchiefs and all,
But it won't seem quite like Christmas
Unless I get a doll!





—From "Little Folks."








The Runaway Doll




^①
LITTLE Betty sat on the porch waiting for the red rambler that climbed over the porch swung up and down above her head, and the big  flew buzzing into them. Betty loved the red rambler . She




called them runaway roses, because they ran so far in and out of the  and over the . When the  came, she gave him a , and he gave her a . The  was from Uncle Tom. Mama

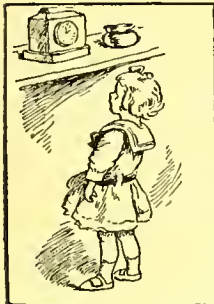
read it aloud, and Betty listened with both  . "Dear Betty," it said, "This is your birthday, and I send you my love, and something else done up in a . It will come at twelve o' , and you





must love it with all of your , except the little piece that belongs to your loving Uncle Tom." "Oh, Mama!" cried Betty. "Do you think it will be a , or a , or a  in a ?" "I think," said  wisely, "that it will be a new .










Then Betty ran and told the other dolls about it. There was Elise, the French ,







and Sukey, the rag , and Bobby, the boy , and they all smiled sweetly with their red  to think of having a new sister. When they were dressed,



went and sat on the  again. But the  struck twelve, and no  came. And it struck one, and two, and three, and still no  came! "I think," said Mama, laughing, "that your

 has run away!" Night came, and Betty went to her  with a big  on her cheek. But when she woke up the  was shining, and by her  sat the new ! Such a beautiful doll, with blue  and curly  and a lovely pink ! "She did 'run away'!" laughed Mama.

"The expressman took her to the wrong , and she stayed there all night, and did not find her way here until this morning." "She is a Runaway Doll!" cried Betty. "And she has pink cheeks and a pink , like the rambler . I shall call her Rose Rambler. And I shall love her with all of my , except the little piece that belongs to dear Uncle Tom!"



In Jocular Mood.

The Tables Turned.

It was time for baby girl to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could take her. At last father offered to lie on the bed till she fell asleep. Off she went "pick-a-back," and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content ready for a hard earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when father would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy "pit-a-pat." Nearer came the steps, and then a little, white-robed form with a tiny finger on her lip stood in the doorway.

"Hush, hush, muvver," she said, "Ise got farver to sleep."

That Baby.

"You say your baby doesn't walk yet?" said Jones. "Mine does; and it's not as old as yours. Your baby cut his teeth yet?"

"Net yet," said Bones.

"Oh, mine has—all of them," said Jones. "Your baby talk?"

"Net yet," replied Bones; "can yours?"

"Great Scott, yes!" answered Jones.

Then Bones got desperate. "Does he use a safety razor or one of the others?" he asked.

Little Left.

"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

"No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Untimely Tommy.

Mother—"Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner."

Visitor—"Why is that, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Cos we don't have no pie no other time."—*New York Evening Mail.*

Simple Solution.

"The bluff, cheery optimism of the late Senator Frye," said a Lewiston divine, "could not brook a whiner."

"Once at a dinner here in Lewiston, a whiner seated opposite Senator Frye said dolefully:

"I have only one friend on earth—my dog."

"Why don't you get another dog?" said Senator Frye."—*Boston Herald.*

Not Selfish.

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."—*Tit-Bits.*

Worse.

Surgeon at a New York Hospital—"What brought you to this dreadful condition? Were you run over by a street-car?"

Patient—"No, sir; I fainted, and was brought to by a member of the Society of First Aid to the Injured."—*Life.*

Not To Be Fooled.

A mission worker in New York tells of a youngster who had never been to "the country" until the occasion of a "fresh-air" excursion whereof he was a member.

One day this lad was seen closely examining a certain trim, well-made object on the farm. He stared at it for a while and then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking at, son?" asked the farmer.

"Where's the doors and windows?" inquired the boy.

"Doors and windows? Why, that's not a house; it's a haystack."

"Excuse me, pop!" returned the youngster. "You can't string me that way. Hay doesn't grow in lumps like that."—*Lippincott's.*

Her Father in Trouble.

When Grover Cleveland's little girl was quite young her father once telephoned to the White House from Chicago and asked Mrs. Cleveland to bring the child to the 'phone. Lifting the little one up to the instrument, Mrs. Cleveland watched her expression change from bewilderment to wonder and then to fear. It was surely her father's voice—yet she looked at the telephone incredulously. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver the little girl burst into tears. "Oh, Mamma! 'she sobbed. "How can we ever get Papa out of that little hole?"—*Today's Magazine.*

CONTENTS.

Annual Statistical and Financial Report for the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1910....	468
An Interesting and Faith-promoting Letter	666
Arab and His Religion, The.....	81, 167, 239, 264, 330, 394, 461, 523

Badger, The	396
Belated Christmas-tide, A	699
Beaver, The	663
Beaten to Life	136
Benita Juarez	4
Bits of Missionary Experience.....	462
Bingham Stake Sunday School Board.....	103
Boy Who Failed to Pass, The.....	466
Budget Box, The Children's.....	61, 121, 185, 249, 311, 376, 444, 506, 566, 622, 680, 743

CHILDREN'S SECTION:

An April Fool Joke.....	244
An Old Story Retold.....	306
An Answer to Little Jimmie's Prayer	560
Aunt Polly's "George Washington".....	367
Amusement for a Wet Day.....	55
Boy's Job, A.....	440
Blessed Easter, The	243
Content Story, The	496
Doctor Sun	618
Fairy Godmother, The	117
Girl Who Wouldn't Say Please, The.....	56
How Tripsy Kept Thanksgiving.....	673
Kind Old Oak, The	616
Margaret and the Lily.....	369
Mamie	373
Milk Can of Strasbourg, The.....	676
New Fourth, The	436
On the Road to Success.....	679
Planning the Easter Walk.....	248
Queen o' May	303
Rollo	53
Saved by a Dog.....	502
Splendid Thing, The.....	432
Story of "Smiling Joe".....	307
Syrup-can Mother, A.....	308
Twin Dolls, The	743
Valentine Girl, The.....	115
What They Saw at the Zoo.....	438, 499, 561, 616
What the Old Clock Said.....	670

Children's Story Time.....	179
Closing of Doors During Sunday School Exercises	210

CHORISTERS AND ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT:

Part Singing and Hints to Choristers	21
Proper Methods in Singing.....	403
To Choir Members.....	404
Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.....	13
Doll that was Left Behind, The.....	69
Does Prohibition Prohibit.....	334
Dress	710

EDITORIAL:

Addressing Sunday School Children	83
A Great Man Has Left Us.....	640
Arraignment of Colleges and Uni- versities	585

Christmas Greeting	706
"Cities of the Sun"	139
Conscientious Work	526
Dangers of Excitement, The.....	82
Evil Examples of Smoking.....	138
Happy New Year, A.....	16
Humane Day	83
International Sunday School Con- vention	464
Jonah and the Bible	400
New Serial Story, A.....	17
Philosophy and the Church Schools.....	208
Simplicity in Religion.....	268
Slang	139
Temperance Question, The.....	332
True Education	584

Faith of a Little Girl.....	128
Fair Young Champion, A.....	364
Fate of the Apostles.....	14
"Feed My Lambs".....	267

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT:

Birth of Christ	29
Book of Mormon Studies.....	94, 150, 225, 287, 353, 420, 482, 544, 600, 727
For Fathers and Mothers.....	49, 496

GEMS FROM THE LIVING ORACLES:

Heber J. Grant	44
Orson F. Whitney.....	199
Rudger Clawson	207
George Washington and Religion.....	67
Getting Acquainted	114
Goatskin Water-bottles of Palestine.....	571
Gray Gopher, The.....	360
Gray Wolf, The	105

Ho! For the Hand-cart Crowd.....	11
How Can the Superintendent Render the Most Assistance to Teachers.....	18
Humane Day Stories.....	108
Hyrum Second Ward Sunday School Officers	467, 586

Is there a Santa Claus?.....	739
------------------------------	-----

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT:

.....	34, 98, 156, 230, 293, 361, 428, 489, 551, 605, 658, 734
Leslie's Spools	740

LIBRARIAN'S DEPARTMENT:

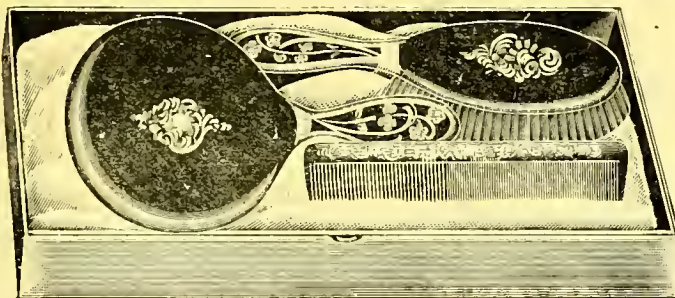
Past and Present	337
What a Book Said.....	143
Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg.....	67
Little Brown Bat.....	493
Long Winter Evenings, The.....	45
Long-tailed Weasel, The.....	365
Lucky One, The	47

MUSIC:

Autumn Leaves	587
Christmas Carol	662
Ere Life's Fleet Hour Has Flown.....	645
God Sees All	23
In Autumn	606
My Soul is Full of Peace and Love.....	338
Sing a Song of Christmas	718

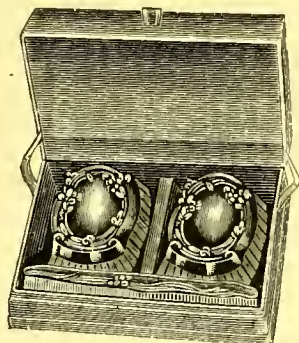
Mink, The	236	To the March Wind.....	125
Missionary Work in Zion.....	388	To Our Missionary Boy.....	389
Mountain Lion, The	40	'Twill All Come Out in the End"....	50
Nebo Stake Sunday School Board.....	15	Two Heart Poems	399
Oxen that Were Switched, The.....	511	When I Have Time.....	525
Pansy Farming	398	Pony Express, The.....	383
PARENTS' DEPARTMENT:		Porfirio Diaz and His Mexico.....	129
Business of Home-making.....	470, 530, 590	PRIMARY DEPARTMENT:	
Child Growth	212	Bible Stories	32, 152,
Classes of Criticism	86	226, 289, 357, 422, 483, 546, 602, 655, 731	
Development of the Child's Spiritual		Puzzle Page	63, 123, 187,
Life	339	251, 313, 325, 379, 447, 507, 567, 623, 683	
Duty of Parents' Classes.....	24	Result of Disobedience	545
Home as a Social Center.....	719	Saturday Night Amusement.....	712
Parents and Teachers	144	SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS'	
Reason Why, The	470	DEPARTMENT:	
Suggestive Questions	406	Abstract of Minutes.....	212
Suggestions on Christmas Celebra-		Promptness	717
tions	646	Report for 1910	21
Wayward Age, The.....	175	SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPART-	
Personal Description of Jesus Christ....	13	MENT:	
Piney Ridge Cottage	72,	Class Work for the New Year.....	724
170, 202, 256, 391, 451, 515, 573, 631, 691		Bible Lessons	28,
Pinky Winky Stories.....	118, 245, 442, 504, 564, 620, 745	149, 220, 349, 414, 417, 480, 542, 651	
POETRY:		Book of Mormon Lessons.....	282, 347, 411, 478, 541, 598, 650
After Winter Comes the Spring.....	139	Simplicity of the Gospel in the Sunday	
Baby Corn	514	School Work	270
Boy's Song	116	Smith, Patriarch John.....	687
Christ is Risen	189	Smith, President John Henry.....	627
Cradle Song, A.....	49	Soda Fountain, The	711
Christmas Without Children	705	Spirited Opening, A	572
Dethroned	569	Street Corner, The	768
First Christmas	690	Story of the Frozen Feet, The.....	197
Flag Goes By, The.....	440	Sunday School as a Missionary Force,	
He Is Risen	196	The	272
How the Day was Saved.....	432	Sunday School in Japan.....	255
If Love Were Always Laughter.....	657	Sunday School Work in Bingham.....	104
Joseph's Birthday	686	SUPERINTENDENTS' DEPARTMENT:	
Just Stand Aside	14	18, 84, 140, 271, 334, 402, 528, 587, 642, 707	
Jack Frost's Army	116	Thanksgiving Sermons	635
Lead, Little Feet.....	83	"The Greatest of These".....	266
Little Voice Inside, The.....	60	The Ancient Monarch of the Plains.....	612
Lost Doll, The.....	59	THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT:	
Maytime	253	Class Work for the New Year.....	723
Memory System, A.....	698	Church History.....	36, 92, 148, 219, 281, 410
Mountain Dawn, A.....	317	Life of Christ.....	25, 87, 145,
My Valentine	107	217, 279, 343, 406, 475, 536, 595, 647	
Mountain and the Vale, The.....	169	Tomb of Rachel, The	127
New Year, The.....	1	Total Abstinence	201
New Year's Thoughts	3	Turkey's Foot, The.....	558
October	583	View Point of the Latter-day Saints.....	713
Our Home School	371	Visit to Oberammergau	191
Our Pioneers	381	Visit to Carthage	319
Prayer	65	Wolverine, The	555
Push up the Corners.....	644	Word of Wisdom, The.....	588
Song of Trust, A.....	302		
Song of Thanksgiving, A.....	625		
Still Small Voice, The.....	509		
The Secret	33		
Things to Forget.....	474		

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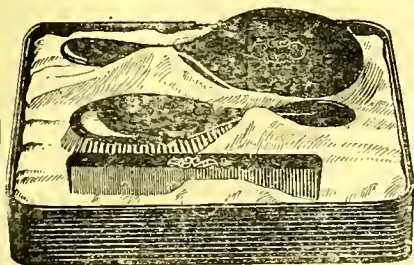
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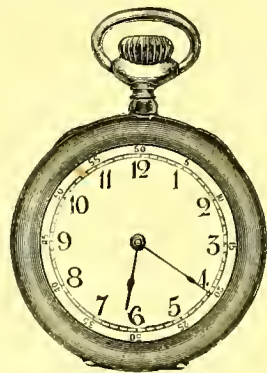
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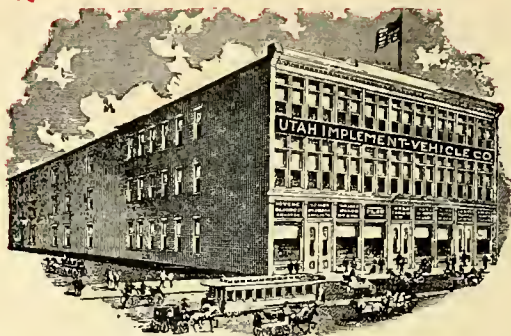
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